LOOKING AT LIFE THROUGH DRAMA

LYDIA GLOVER DESEO
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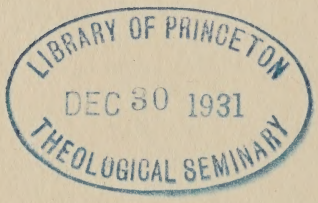

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LYDIA GLOVER DESEO
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To Our Student Companions

The authors wish to express their indebtedness to the friends and coworkers, too numerous to mention by name, whose valuable criticisms and suggestions have made this work possible.

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FOREWORD

At the heart of this book is an idea so fresh and invigorating and yet so simple that the reader is inclined to wonder why no one ever thought of it before. It is the idea of trying to understand our neighbors and the struggles of modern life through our affections as well as through our intellects. It is the idea of looking at life through drama.

A few years ago when any group of adults or young people undertook to study such questions as race relationships, industrial conflicts, war and peace, vocations, rural and urban problems, and the like, they began by appointing a leader, selecting a textbook, and then studying the facts and statistics bearing upon the subject in hand. All this was well and good. But such studies often fail to touch our emotions or even to bring that deeper understanding which is necessary before we are able to translate our information into action.

Now come Mrs. Deseo and Mrs. Phipps, the former out of years of experience in drama and the latter out of other years of experience in religious education, and they bring to us the idea that instead of beginning with the statistics concerning any of these questions, it would be better to begin by an emotional understanding of the persons engaged in these great social conflicts around us. To arrive at this emotional understanding they propose that a group of adults or young people select for reading certain dramas which portray and interpret the persons and issues involved.

For example, instead of beginning to study the Negro problem through the pages of a textbook, they propose to study it by having the group read half a dozen plays which portray the hopes and ideals, the struggles and aspirations of the Negro race. After the group has had its understanding enlightened by this emotional approach, it is in far better position to have its lessons in statistics and facts.

Although this idea seems so thoroughly sensible, the authors did not commit it to book form at once. Instead they tried it out in several young people's conferences. The response of the young people's groups was enthusiastic. Any visitor to the conference grounds could see young men and women sitting around in groups reading plays aloud. Occasionally a play would be produced. But the simple reading of worth-while plays opened the way to sympathetic understanding of the persons and issues involved in the modern conflicts portrayed.

The chapters that follow present this plan in detail as it came through the tests of practical experience.

FRED EASTMAN.

PART I

APPROACHING THE STUDY

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CHAPTER I

AN INTERPRETATION

A mother starves with her brood, while her able-bodied husband knocks upon factory doors and begs for a chance to make an honest living; but work there is none. . . . A wayward lad of tender years, the innocence not quite gone out of his eyes, finds himself behind prison bars, housed with hardened criminals; is crushed in soul, broken in body, and stripped of the last semblance of a self-respecting human being, while corrupt politicians sit in the seats of the mighty and a thoughtless world goes complacently about its business. . . . The gods of war grind out their relentless machinery, hoping to dupe an unsuspecting people into thinking that their nefarious profession is necessary. . . . A Negro hangs from a barren branch, the victim of a blood-thirsty mob, while the fair name of Justice is defiled and mocked. . . . *Is there anything we can do?*

* * * * * * * *

THE underlying principle upon which this study is based is that drama, read and studied by individuals and groups, and in some cases produced, may not only develop an appreciation of good drama but may also act as a guide in facing such problems as these which strike at the very heart of our common life.

DRAMA READ AND STUDIED

The average group of people, in their approach to drama, have one aim in mind—to produce a play for an audience. Publishers' catalogues are sent for and perused; plays are selected, often on the

basis of misleading titles and inadequate descriptions. Copies of a number of them arrive; a committee sits down to read them, and those which for one reason or another are not adapted to production by the group in question are cast aside. Any cultural value derived from the reading of these plays, assuming that they possess any, is almost completely lost in the feverish search for the play whose production will bring a "laugh," or be successful from the standpoint of box-office receipts.

The pressure of modern life has almost entirely robbed us of that beautiful custom of a few generations ago—the reading aloud in groups. And with the passing of this interest there has gone much of joy and enrichment. Nor has the study of drama in the schools been wholly productive of a richer cultural life.

Our church groups would do well if they would take the lead in reviving the art of reading plays, "the imaginative recreation of scene, incident, and character."

Especially valuable would this method be among church groups, who for three very practical reasons find it difficult actually to produce any but the simplest plays (and often the poorest, from the dramatic standpoint).

1. The average church group is limited in resources, both as to equipment and personnel.

2. More and more the authors of really worthwhile plays are demanding higher royalties than the average church group is able to pay.

3. The church auditorium, in many cases, offers the only place in which a play can be produced. There is a general feeling among church people

that the auditorium should be used for purposes of church worship only.

Must our young people, then, especially those who are not within reach of any reputable theater, grow up in ignorance of the best there is in drama? Or could they not come together on a Sunday afternoon and quietly read and study together some significant plays of the past or present, thus sharing in the lives of others, and at the same time enriching their own experiences by looking at life through drama?

Individual Study

While a large part of this book is given over to a discussion of procedure in a group, it is believed that the individual may also find value in a comprehensive study of the drama. He may enter into such study with one or more aims in view.

1. The student may wish to read and study plays simply for the experience of seeing life as it is lived by men and women under all conditions, and in varying situations. Such a study may become a fascinating form of recreation, an escape from the actualities of one's own humdrum existence into more exciting and seemingly more dramatic areas of experience.

2. He may find in the drama helpful suggestions for the solution of his own problems.

3. He may look upon the drama with a very serious motive—that of having light shed for him upon the baffling problems of the day, with which the community, the State, and the world are wrestling.

Dramatic Production

The production of plays is not an essential part of the procedure outlined in this volume. In view of the comprehensive treatment of the technique of producing plays to be found in an increasing number of volumes, it seems unnecessary to touch upon this phase of the subject in a book which attempts to set forth the value of reading and studying plays. A brief list of books on technique is to be found on page 141.

Appreciation of Good Drama

There are those who say that in the world of the theater you must give the people what they want. And the assumption is that people will always want something less than the best—the popular, the light, even the risqué and the vulgar. There are others who believe that people can be educated to the best in drama as in other fields. If a vitaphone version of "The Taming of the Shrew" acquaints some for the first time with the knowledge that William Shakespeare no longer resides on Stratford-on-Avon; or a production of "Ben-Hur" impresses others with the traditional beauty of the Christmas story, there would seem to be some possibility of raising people's intellectual and emotional understanding through the drama.

Men and women will always be interested in the drama. If nothing but the good and the beautiful were to be provided, it is easily conceivable that people in all walks of life would develop a taste for a higher type of drama than they had been in the habit of seeing.

Learning to appreciate good drama plays an important rôle as an aid to evaluating life and conduct. In this age of jazz and discord, reminding one of Shakespeare's "sweet bells jangled, out of tune," we are rendering distinguished service if we can patiently guide others in learning, in the field of drama as in other fields, to differentiate between the good and the bad, the coarse and the fine, the unlovely and the beautiful. Good drama has the enduring quality of a great masterpiece of art, for it is truly art at its best.

Looking at Life Through Drama

One of the most challenging aspects of life is that we come—some of us suddenly, some of us gradually—to the realization of our relationship to the whole world. We grow up, perhaps, in a small town. For various reasons our physical beings are prevented from walking out and away to far countries and mingling with other peoples. But our minds are not so restricted. They can travel ever so far without fare or tax. And to live the more abundant life, which was Jesus' ideal for all men, we must break the fragile but effective barrier which keeps us from knowing what is going on in the world outside. We must do our share in bringing about a better world-order. If we are honest, we must admit that the only thing which keeps us provincial in these days of wireless, aeroplanes, cinema, radio, automobiles, newspapers, and television is our own mental and spiritual inertia.

A well-known leader in public reform in a recent address revealed a dispiriting picture of the times in which we live, and then concluded: "What is the

hope? Every one of us who is planting a good seed is the hope. But the seed *must be sown.* The fruit will not come in our time. But it will come. There is no such thing as futility in reform; no such thing as a lost protest. . . . Never abandon hope and belief in the emancipation of the human race."

May those who seem at times to be working single-handed, find encouragement in the faith that "there is no such thing as a lost protest."

If the plays listed herein and the method of study suggested for their use are an aid to any individual or group in seeing life and its problems with new sensitiveness and new determination to make this a better world, the authors will be generously rewarded.

For Whom Intended

This book is for the use of individuals and groups, for ministers who seek aid in spreading the social gospel, for leaders and students in Standard Leadership Training Classes, as well as for groups of young people and adults in the local church.

The subject of dramatics for use with children is not dealt with in this study, since the approach and procedure with children require a distinct treatment, quite apart from dramatics with young people and adults.

How to Use This Book

No attempt has been made to divide the contents into "lessons." Four hours or forty may be devoted to its application, although the descriptions of problems for study and the suggestions for discussions have grown out of actual experimental groups in ten-day schools of religious education.

CHAPTER II

THE PROCEDURE

It is to be understood, of course, that the procedure to be followed in the group study of plays and their relationship to current problems will often need to be modified and adapted to the particular need of each group. There are no hard-and-fast rules set to apply to each individual person or his problems. Emphasis should be placed upon the problems represented by the group, individually and collectively. Then such application of the materials may be made as seems best to suit the situation. While the well-trained and properly prepared leader approaches each meeting knowing what trend he wishes the discussion to take, at the same time he must be so adaptable as to follow through any possible problem which may quite unexpectedly arise from group discussion.

An example of this was experienced by one leader of a discussion on "Race," who had well in mind beforehand the direction in which such a discussion ought to go. Before the evening was over, however, the discussion had centered around none of the phases of the subject which she had anticipated as forthcoming, but around the problem of the American Indian, a situation which proved to be unusually acute in that particular locality. While a discussion of any other racial problem would have been valuable, this discussion proved especially productive because at the close

of it the members of the class actually determined to do something about a tragic situation which lay almost unnoticed at their very doorstep.

Steps in the Procedure

The steps here outlined are merely suggestive, based, of course, on actual experience with leadership-training classes. These suggested steps are as follows:

1. Analysis and classification of problems.
2. Study of bibliography.
3. Selecting the problems for study.
   a. Study and discussion of plays in their relation to the problem.
   b. Culminating the study.

This chapter deals with the first two steps in the process. The third step will be considered, with special reference to several problems, in Part II.

1. *Analysis and Classification of Problems.* The leader's aim in this first step is twofold:

   a. To help the students to think of all phases of life as being related to the Christlike way of living; and
   b. To stimulate their interest in problems outside of their own often limited circle of interest.

These aims may be realized through a free and frank discussion.

The leader may find it a bit difficult at first to secure the spontaneous response of the group. The attempt will be to discover where they live, their occupation, and so on. The leader will in

many cases discover that the problems suggested are confined to the more or less general experience of everyday living. It will be the leader's task, then, to broaden their outlook by showing how seemingly remote problems do have a direct bearing upon their own lives.

In learning how to make use of dramatics in facing current problems we must first decide for ourselves just what is involved in living the abundant life. Encourage the group to suggest a few aspects of life which are related to the Christian way of living and list them on the blackboard. If the considerations they mention are rather narrowly confined to the limits of their own intimate, everyday life, these should first be discussed and evaluated. The leader should then guide them in thinking of things which are going on outside of their own town with which they should be concerned.

In one group the problem of intemperance was raised by a mature member as being a real problem among the young people with whom she was working. A younger member of the same group responded with the suggestion that this problem was not really a great one in the community of which they both were members. Both persons were speaking sincerely from observation and experience. This gave the leader an excellent opportunity to illustrate the point that there are wide differences in individual definition and interpretation of problems.

The following incidents, serving as examples of some of these problems, are merely suggestive. While they will be of interest and influence for some time to come, more recent examples may be added.

Does it matter to us, for instance, that during the first half of 1930 there were more Negro lynchings in the United States than during the entire year of 1929? Do we base our attitudes and conduct in racial situations on often distorted newspaper accounts, public sentiment, or upon a sincere attempt to get at the facts of the case? Granted the heinousness of many a crime for which lynching is the mob-inflicted punishment, is this treatment of the wrongdoer worthy of a so-called Christian country? As is stated in one church periodical, the lynchers usually represent the hoodlums of a town, not its best citizens. Should we permit hoodlums to govern our people? What can Christians do to wipe out such a blot from the land?

Does it matter that the Protestant Church is doing very little in some of the communities of American Indians to improve the deplorable conditions of disease, moral laxness, and lack of educational opportunity? These Indians need kindly, moral, understanding leadership, which the church in many instances is failing to give.

There has been a great deal of agitation on the part of Filipino leaders for independence. When the Philippine Islands came under the control of the United States government following the Spanish-American War, which freed them from the tyrannical grasp of Spain, President Wilson promised independence to the Islands when the Filipinos should prove their ability to govern themselves. This stating of the contract has caused considerable difficulty. Naturally enough, the Filipinos and the American government are not in agreement as to what is involved in a nation's ability to govern itself.

Kirby Page puts it fairly when he raises the question, "What nation is really fit for independence?"[1] He points out that if a volume were written regarding the seamy side of American life, this volume might be used as a basis for saying that the citizens of the United States are not qualified for self-government. Then he concludes, "Hundreds of bank failures in the United States annually do not cause other nations to conclude that the Americans do not deserve self-government; but one outstanding bank failure in the Philippines is harped upon year after year by every opponent of independence."

Does it matter to us that when American girls bobbed their hair and the sale of hair-nets practically came to a standstill, thousands of young Chinese girls, workers in the many hair-net factories of China, had to resort to prostitution in order to live? To be sure, American girls can scarcely be blamed for adopting a more comfortable and attractive mode of hair dress, but is there not something wrong with the industrial system which permits such a thing to happen? Should we not, as Christians, be at least intelligently informed on the subject?

Does it matter to us that the common, ordinary buttons, which we wear on our clothing and take so as a matter of course, are made by women and girls who receive a penny and a half a gross for sewing these buttons on cards, or from ten to fifty cents a day for punching the holes in the buttons?

Eighty-five cents of every dollar of government

[1] Northwestern Christian Advocate, August 21, 1930.

revenue in the United States goes toward the payment of past war debts, the present care and upkeep of war veterans, and preparation for future wars. How long will the American people be willing to spend their money in this way?

Does it matter to us that on the twenty-first of April, 1930, in Columbus, Ohio, more than three hundred of God's wayward sons were burned to ashes in a penitentiary building intended for eighteen hundred occupants and housing over four thousand, a building which had never been fireproof and which had been declared unsafe five years before? The News Bulletin issued by the National Society of Penal Information states in their June, 1930, issue, "From the testimony of eyewitnesses it is known that in spite of the entreaties of the men who were subsequently burned to death, nothing was done to save them until it was too late."

Prominent citizens admit their negligence, due to ignorance of the situation. Are we, too, guilty of such indifference, unintentional but nevertheless often fatal in its results? Do we have any responsibility to the prison condition of our country? (See page 93).

These incidents, suggested by the leader, and additional ones which come out of the entire group, will help to stimulate interest in problems of world-wide significance.

Then may follow an analysis of the various problems suggested by the group and the leader and their classification under certain headings for purposes of clarity. The following classification, upon which the bibliography is built, is suggested.

Finding My Place in Relation to:

I. *Race*
II. *World Peace*
III. *Industry*
IV. *Citizenship*
V. *City and Rural Life*
VI. *Home*
VII. *Belief and Conduct*
VIII. *Vocation*

This outline may be put on the board after the group have made their suggestions.

2. *Study of Bibliography.* The class may turn to Part III, the list of plays and other source material. Certain points which the leader should keep in mind are submitted, as follows:

(1) One important phase of the work in and out of class will be the reading and study of such plays as are available. Four plays are included in this volume. The leader should supply as many others as possible. If there is a library where the school or institute is being held, some of these suggested plays may be secured there.

(2) If practicable, the class should be encouraged to read these plays aloud in small groups. The round reading (reading around the circle, each one taking a speech) or cast reading (reading in character) will make them more valuable than if they are read by individuals silently.

(3) If so desired, when the group decide which problem they wish to study, first readings of plays may be assigned in addition to the other reports, the pupils selecting the plays they wish to read. A list of suggested reports is given in Part III.

3. *Selecting the Problem for Study.* The first two steps in the process having been followed, the group should now be ready to select one out of the various problems listed and study it through to some definite conclusion, or they may wish to start at the beginning of the list and cover as many problems as possible, looking toward further study in the local group at home (in the case of a standard training class).

For purposes of illustration the method of procedure in studying four problems will be outlined in Part II, offered merely as a suggestion. Deviations from this outline may, of course, be made according to the needs and interests of the group.

PART II

SELECTING THE PROBLEM

CHAPTER I. *The Problem of Race* — "The Slave" 27

CHAPTER II. *The Problem of Industry* — "Bread" 49

CHAPTER III. *The Problem of International Good Will*—"X = O: A Night of the Trojan War" 76

CHAPTER IV. *The Problem of Citizenship* (Prison Reform)—"The Criminal Code" 93

CHAPTER I

THE PROBLEM OF RACE

"THE SLAVE"[1]

By Elizabeth Hall Yates

Characters

Eugene Lawrence, A Negro teacher
Fern Lawrence, his wife
Mis' Jones, a neighbor
Otto Roerich, a publisher

Scene: The living-room of *Eugene Lawrence's* flat on Lenox Avenue. It is cheaply furnished with mission furniture, but is simple and in good enough taste except for a few bizarre touches. There are two windows at the rear and they are curtained with silkaline draperies in bright colors. A table stands at center, and on it a lamp with a shade on which is painted a realistic pastoral scene. There are also a telephone and sewing-basket on the table. A desk is at right, covered with papers and books; and at left is a mantelpiece built into the wall, on which are some cheap vases, grotesque of shape and coloring.

[1] Permission to use kindly granted by author and publisher, Penn Publishing Company.

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There are two doors, one at rear right leading into the rest of the flat, the other opposite, opening into the public hall.

(There are convenient a number of chairs. As the curtain rises *Fern Lawrence* is standing in the center of the room. She is a young Negress of twenty-five or six, dark but with a beautiful figure and a certain style—which, although it doesn't achieve the chic of a white woman, has a sort of dash and elan. Her dress is sleeveless and her arms are hung with rows of glass bracelets. She wears several strings of beads, and she rattles when she walks.

Beside her on a near-by chair is a pile of women's clothing. Fern is examining the dresses. She holds one up, discovers a rip in it, casts it aside. She picks up the next. It, too, has a hole in it. Shaking her head, she opens the sewing basket on the table, and starts to thread a needle, preparatory to doing some mending. But she is interrupted by a short ring of a bell. She crosses to go to the door, left, then the postman's whistle is heard outside. She turns back, goes over to the desk, searches among the papers and finds a bunch of keys, then starts again for the door. As she opens it, she steps back with surprise. Mis' Jones, a stout old Negress in a shawl, a shabby dress, and a dirty white apron, enters, carrying a wash-basket.)

Mis' Jones (*breathless*): Lawd, dem stayahs! Lak to kill me!

Fern (*a trifle patronizingly, and in her best society manner*): Aft'noon Mis' Jones. You goin' to

pay me a li'l visit? I was jest on my way down to git a letter outa de box.

MIS' JONES (*Putting down her basket with a grunt, and giving* FERN *an envelope*): Heah 'tis. Postman gimme de letter. I tole him I'se comin' up. 'Tain't nuffin impo'tant. It's wrote lak a advertisement—'tain't hand-wrote.

(*She crosses over to the pile of clothing and looks at it curiously.* FERN *glances at the envelope.*)

FERN: Why—why, it's sumpin' most impo'tant. It's sumpin' Gene's been waitin' fo'. I wonder do I dar' to open it.

MIS' JONES (*Turning*): Bet' not, honey. He might git mad. Men is awful funny—git mad when you ain't done nuffin—doan know it when you is. Why, I'se seen plenty o' niggahs—

FERN (*In a superior tone*): My Gene ain't no common niggah, lemme tell you. An' he doan git mad at me. Never! (*She slits the envelope.*)

MIS' JONES (*Soothingly*): Sho' he doan! Mist' Law'nce is a ve'y fine man—ev'body say he know mo'n de Bible and de dictiona'y put togedder.

FERN: 'Tain't ev'y colored man's been to a white man's college, lak he is!

MIS' JONES (*Agreeably*): No, ma'am!

(*She turns back to the pile of clothing while* FERN *begins to read the letter.* MIS' JONES *fingers some of the dresses, finds the holes in them, makes a clucking sound with her tongue.*)

FERN (*Excitedly*): Oh, Mis' Jones—it's de letter he's been hopin' fo'—even prayin' fo'! It's about his book—de book he's been writin'!

MIS' JONES: You mean say he done wrote a book hisself! Printed it all out?

FERN: No, he ain't printed it. He wants somebody else to print it—an' to pay him fo' doin' it. An' dis heah letter—'pears lak it was goin' to turn out de way Gene said—an' we goin' git rich offen it! Dat's what!

MIS' JONES (*With one of the dresses still in her hands*): Git rich? (*Glancing down at the shabby dress*) Look lak a li'l extra won't do you no harm, huh?

FERN (*snatching the dress from her angrily*): Nemmind dat! Dem's— dem's jest some ole rags I goin' to give to de missiona'ies!

(*She puts the letter on the desk, picks the clothes up and carries them into the next room, then comes back.* MIS' JONES *has stood staring after her doubtfully. She now goes over to her own wash-basket.*)

MIS' JONES: Reckon you ain't goin' need dis, den? (*With a gesture toward the basket.*)

FERN (*Looking at the basket, then raising her chin*): 'Tain't my wash. Doan know nuffin 'bout it.

MIS' JONES (*Going over to her kindly*): Co'se you doesn't, honey! I just brung it along in case— I was wo'kin' fo' Mis' Temple to-day an' she ax me did I think I could git her dis wash done quick.

FERN: You doan mean you thought I—

MIS' JONES: Now listen to me, honey—I didn't mean no harm! I never'd thought o' you, only ev'body's been sayin' you and Gene was havin hard times—dat he was takin' out o' his own pocket to pay fo' de school hisself! An' I thought mebbe you'd be glad 'nuff to do a li'l sumpin jest to help along, lak. Co'se I didn't know!

FERN (*Her eyes flashing*): Co'se you didn't! (*She taps her foot on the floor, looks* MIS' JONES *up and down, insolently.*) Lemme tell you dis, Mis' Jones—my man ain't de kind o' loafin' niggah what lets his wife suppo't him by doin' nobody's washin'! My Gene is a colored gentleman. Understand?

MIS' JONES (*Drawing back, frightened*): Aw, honey! Now you'se mad. I only wanted to help, and—you'se mad!

FERN: I ain't goin' to have folks talkin' 'hind my back! Thinkin' I'd do der dirty washin'! Me—Mis' Law'nce—de wife of a man what know as much as any udder fifty niggahs in Harlem!

MIS' JONES (*Hastily*): He sho' does! He sho' does!

(FERN *turns away angrily.* MIS' JONES *stands clasping her hands nervously. A noise of steps is heard on the stairs outside.*)

MIS' JONES (*Meekly*): Dar's—dar's somebody comin' up, honey!

FERN (*Swinging back to her*): Somebody's goin' down too! (*She goes over to the basket, kicks it toward* MIS' JONES.) Heah's yo' wash!

(MIS' JONES *stoops, lifts the basket, and starts out, murmuring apologetically. As she reaches the door, left, it opens, and Eugene Lawrence enters.*

Gene is a light-colored man, about thirty years old, unusually intelligent-looking, soberly dressed. His manners are quiet, dignified, and singularly lacking in pomp and ostentation. He speaks with no trace of dialect.)

GENE (*Pleasantly*): Good afternoon, Mrs. Jones. Don't let me drive you away.

MIS' JONES: Aft'noon, Mist' Law'nce! No, suh! No, suh! (*She goes out hurriedly.*)

(FERN, *not yet calm, stands at left, facing the audience, her back to the door.* GENE *goes up behind her, puts his arms about her, draws her head back and kisses her.*)

FERN (*As he releases her*): Dat nosey ole Mis' Jones! I could kill dat woman, I could!

GENE (*Smiling*): Nonsense, Fern! She's all right. What has she done?

FERN: Oh, nuffin. It doan count now. (*She slips her hand through his arm eagerly.*) Honey—it's done come—de letter! We goin' be rich—you goin' hang me wid d'amonds lak de stars in heav'n!

GENE (*Anxiously*): Letter? What letter?

FERN (*With a gesture*): Over on de desk.

(GENE *crosses quickly, finds the letter, opens it and reads it.* FERN *follows him, watches his face.*)

GENE (*As he finishes*): Fern! It—it—oh, I won't believe it! There's something wrong. I've sent that book so many places, and it always came back. And now—

FERN (*Glancing over his shoulder at the letter*): What dat mean 'bout "ad-vance roy-al-ties"?

GENE: That means money—that's what it means! They like it, Fern! They like it well enough to pay me something even before it's published! Oh, what luck! Now I can do the things I've wanted to do and thought I never could!

FERN: We'll move in a elevator apartment? Lawd, Gene, I sho' do need some new clothes!

GENE: Of course you do! But—(*wrinkling his brow*) —I wasn't thinking of the little personal things

we'd do. Of course we'd have those later if there was anything left. But the school, Fern—I'll be able to keep on next year—perhaps increase it! And then—this book! Why, if they took it and published it without paying me a cent, I'd thank them. It's going to mean so much—it means that we'll have a hearing. It's white people who'll buy it—white people who don't know how we live or what we feel or anything about us. And they'll know—and it'll be I who've told them—I who've given our white brothers the first chance to understand us!

FERN (*Dreamily*): Gene—I saw sech a pretty dress to-day—down on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. It was all blue an' lavender an' li'l pink roses.

GENE (*Still caught up in his ecstasy*): We have only thirty-five boys in the school now. But next year we might be able to take the building next door too. Then we could have twice as many—or perhaps some girls instead. Fern, wouldn't it be fine? (*He puts his arm around her tenderly.*) If girls like you could have a chance—if I could give them the kind of chance I had!

FERN (*Without enthusiasm*): Uh-huh. . . . How soon you goin' git this money?

GENE: I don't know. I suppose I ought to go down and see the publishers. (*He takes out a nickeled watch, looks at it, and shakes his head.*) Too late to-day. And I have classes in the morning. It'll have to be next day.

FERN (*Disappointedly*): But dere's a sale down to Koch's to-morrow. An' I need some li'l things so bad! I been livin' in rags long 'nuff, Gene!

GENE (*Patting her shoulder*): I know, dear. It's been hard. But it hasn't been as if you were doing it for me alone. What you and I do we're doing for our whole race!

(*There is a ring of the door-bell.* FERN *jumps.*)

FERN: If dat's ole Mis' Jones agin! You let her in—I ain't goin' see no ole nosey lak her!

(*She goes to the door, right, and steps into the next room, closing the door behind her.* GENE *crosses to the opposite door, opens it, and stands waiting. There is the noise of someone climbing the stairs and puffing heavily. In a moment* OTTO ROERICH *steps in, fanning himself with his hat, from the exertion.*

ROERICH *is a white man of middle age, thick-set, with a red face and a prominent chin. He comes into the room, stares about him, finally focusing his gaze on* GENE, *who has stiffened slightly at the man's calm and unconcealed inquisitiveness.*)

ROERICH: Oh, I suppose you're Mr. Lawrence? (*He stresses the title a little.*)

GENE (*Quietly*): Yes, I'm Eugene Lawrence. Have you come to see about the rent of the school building?

ROERICH: School building? No. I've come to see you about something else. (*He turns back to the room, scrutinizes it callously, goes over to the desk, picks up one or two of the papers and looks at them.*)

GENE (*Watching him with a glare that becomes more and more outraged at his continued impudence*): I hope you're finding what you want. Those papers are my private property.

ROERICH (*Laying them down, unabashed*): I see they are. Yes, it's all perfectly authentic. That's what I wanted to find out—why I came here instead of sending for you to come to my office. I suppose you're wondering who I am? (*He takes out a card-case as though from instinct, then looks at* GENE *and puts it away.*) I'm Otto Roerich, the publisher.

GENE (*His face changing instantly at the name*): Mr. Roerich! (*Eagerly*) I'm—delighted! I got your letter only a moment ago. It—I don't suppose I can tell you what it means to me.

ROERICH: We like your book very much.

GENE (*Aglow*): Do you? (*He pulls out a chair beside the table*). Will you sit down, Mr. Roerich?

(ROERICH *eyes the chair dubiously, dusts it off, then with a short inclination of the head he seats himself gingerly on the edge of it. At this action* GENE'S *face hardens perceptibly.*)

ROERICH: You've done a piece of very good work in "The Slave," Lawrence. Everyone in the office is enthusiastic about it.

(*The planes in Gene's face smooth at* ROERICH'S *speech. He draws up a chair and seats himself opposite the publisher.*)

GENE: Are they? I'm glad. Because if they get the book as I mean it, the public will get it too.

ROERICH (*Lighting a cigar, and throwing the match on the floor*): Of course the title is impossible.

GENE (*Bending and picking up the match*): "The Slave"? Why is it impossible. It fits the book.

ROERICH: In a way—yes. But it isn't that part of the book we want to emphasize.

GENE (*Frowning*): But—what else is there?

ROERICH: There's the love story. You Negroes are emotional. You were able to put down that emotion on paper as it hasn't been done before. That's what's going to sell your book.

GENE: I see. And what did you think would be a good title?

ROERICH: Well, the book would have to be rewritten a little. It would be easy enough to do. There are parts that could be cut. Other parts could be added to. We discussed a number of suitable titles in the office. What do you think of "Black Love"?

GENE (*Puzzled*): "Black Love"? Why, it wouldn't do at all, as the book is now.

ROERICH: No. I say there would have to be changes.

GENE: But I don't think you understand, Mr. Roerich. I didn't mean to write a love story when I wrote the book. I simply wanted to give an honest picture of our life. Emotion, of course, plays a big part. But the love element isn't at all the thing I tried to show.

ROERICH (*Flicking an ash on the carpet*): I understand. It was that slave stuff. But nobody's interested in that. In fact, some people might be offended by it.

GENE: How could they be? I haven't put the blame on the white people entirely. It's our fault too.

ROERICH: But it's the white people who'll read the book.

GENE (*Earnestly*): And it's only through them that there's any hope for us!

ROERICH (*Studying the end of his cigar*): Look here, Lawrence. I'll be frank with you. I'm not in

the publishing business for charity or to help along different kinds of propaganda. I want your book, and I'm willing to pay you an extraordinarily good price if you'll fix it to suit me. In my letter I spoke of advance royalties. Well, I'm willing to give you a tempting offer if you'll make some cuts where I tell you. But I'm not interested in the race problem. It won't sell a book.

(GENE *sits quietly looking at him a moment without replying. Then he gets up and goes to the desk at right.*)

GENE (*His voice a little unsteady*): I have a carbon copy here. Do you know the manuscript well enough so that you could give me an idea of the changes you'd want?

ROERICH (*Rising and following him*): Why, yes, I think so. Let me have a look at it.

(GENE *takes the manuscript from one of the desk drawers, passes it to* ROERICH, *who begins to run through it.*)

ROERICH: That part about the little mulatto girl and the two men is good work. Wish you had more of it.

GENE (*Impatiently*): That was only a side issue!

ROERICH: I know. You might play it up more. There—! (*He stops at one of the pages.*) Here's a place! All that about the hero fighting against the whites for his education, then after he's got it, fighting against the ignorance of the blacks, who don't want him to help them—that part's too heavy. It won't go!

GENE: But that—that's the theme of the book!

ROERICH: As it is now. But it could be changed.

GENE: But it's what I lead toward from the beginning. Here—just a minute! (*He takes the manuscript from* ROERICH, *rustles the pages over to the end.*) Don't you see? That's what makes him a slave—what makes all us Negroes slaves. You say we're free, but we're not—we're slaves to prejudice on the part of the whites, and ignorance on our own parts. (*Growing more and more excited.*) And we'll never be free until we overcome those two things—never! That's what I say at the end here—that's what I've said all through the book—and it's what I'll always say —until people listen to me!

ROERICH: Then you won't make the changes?

GENE (*Promptly*): No!

ROERICH (*With a shrug*): Well! If that's the way you feel. I suppose you realize you're turning down quite a little ready cash.

GENE: I realize everything.

ROERICH (*Looks at him, then with another shrug, starts for the door*): I'm sorry to lose that book. It had good stuff in it. I think it might have been a best-seller. I say—(*He turns back.*)

GENE (*Dully*): Yes?

ROERICH: You won't change it for anybody else, will you?

GENE: No.

ROERICH: That's right. Think it over. And if you should decide to come around to my way of thinking—just give my office a ring and leave a message. The number is on the letterhead.

GENE: I shan't use it.

ROERICH: Well—think it over; good-by.

(*He goes out left, slamming the door behind him;* GENE *stands by the desk, looking down at the manuscript, then suddenly drops into the desk chair, lets his head fall forward into his arms. The door at right opens a little and* FERN'S *face peers out.*)

FERN (*Softly*): Honey!

GENE (*Raising his head*): Yes?

FERN: Is he gone yit?

GENE: Who?

FERN: Who-all was heah? Lan'lawd?

GENE: No, it wasn't the landlord. Fern—come here!

(FERN *comes into the room.* GENE *holds out his hands to her and she goes to him. He pulls her down on his knee, wraps his arms about her, buries his face in her neck.*)

GENE (*Brokenly*): Fern! You're all I've got—everything!

FERN (*Gently*): Honey—what-all make you feel so bad?

GENE (*Holding her close*): I'm tired fighting, that's all. Fighting day after day to try to teach those colored boys, when all they want is to be let alone! And now—but you love me, don't you, Fern?

FERN: Uh-huh. . . . Gene!

GENE: Well?

FERN: Think you goin' down see dem folks tomorrah?

GENE: What folks?

FERN: You know. Dem folks about de book.

GENE (*In a low tone*): They—they don't want the book, Fern.

FERN (*Surprised*): Dey doan? How you know?

GENE: The man's just been here. He told me.

FERN: But de letter say—

GENE: Yes. He likes the book, but he wants it changed. He's white, Fern, and so he wants it fixed up nice and sweet so that white people can swallow it without making a face!

FERN (*Drawing away and rising*): He didn't give you no money?

GENE: He would have, but I wouldn't take it.

FERN (*Sharply*): What you say?

GENE: Don't let's talk about it. I want the money as badly as you do. But not that badly!

FERN: Ain't I tole you I cain't live in rags no longer? An' you say you take no money when dey hole it out to you? What kind o' niggah is you?

GENE: Fern—you don't understand! He wanted me to change the book, and—

FERN: Do mo' wo'k—and you'se too lazy!

GENE: No, not that! It was a question of our race, Fern. I wrote the book to help the race. He objected to it because of that. (*Perplexed.*) Can't you understand?

FERN (*Furiously*): Doan understand nuffin'—'ceptin dis: You'se jest a ordina'y niggah! A common ole lazy niggah what make his wife take in de wash to suppo't him!

GENE: I never asked you! I never intended—!

FERN: No, you ain't axed me. But wheah I goin' git me my clothes from? Cain't live on nuffin'!

GENE: I'm sorry. I suppose I could go out and work in the street and make a lot more. But I'm not working just for us, Fern!

FERN: You sho' ain't wo'kin fo' me! Ev'body

know how po' we is! Ev'body talk 'hind our back! Mis' Jones she come and brung me some washin' to-day.

GENE: You didn't keep it?

FERN (*Shaking her head*): But I goin' git it! I goin' take in washin' reg'lar—Lawd, I got to! Got to suppo't a good-fo'-nuffin' husband jest lak all de rest o' de niggah women. (*Sarcastically.*) You'se a colored gentleman, you is! Huh! Lazy niggah!

(GENE *takes a step toward her entreatingly. She pushes him away, and rushes past him and out of the door at right. From the next room comes the sound of sudden angry sobbing and wailing.* GENE *pounds his hands together distractedly and begins to walk up and down the room, murmuring* "Lazy nigger! Lazy nigger!"—*and looking desperately toward the door through which* FERN *has disappeared. The wails and moans follow a steady crescendo, then stop almost abruptly, and* FERN *can be heard moving quickly about in the bedroom.* GENE *drops into a chair wearily, but with relief.* FERN *re-enters hurriedly, wearing a hat and carrying a worn, near-leather suit-case.*)

GENE (*Gently*): Hello honey. (*Then, noticing her hat with surprise.*) Going out?

FERN (*Sullenly, halting*): Yes. An' doan you try to stop me, neither.

GENE (*Jumping up*): But—you've got a suit-case!

FERN: I'm goin' away, dat's what! (*Flaring up.*) I tell you I ain't goin' to stay heah and wo'k my fingahs off suppo'tin' nobody!

GENE (*Wincing*): You don't really mean you're

going to leave me, Fern? (*Piteously.*) When I love you so? You know how I love you, honey?

FERN (*Scornfully*): I know. You'd love me if I'd stay an' take in washin'. But I tell you—if I washes, I washes for myself, see? (*Thrusting him aside.*) Out of my way. I'm goin'!

GENE (*Grabbing her by the arms with sudden passion*): But, Fern! I love you—better than anything on earth. You can't leave me! I'll do anything on earth to keep you. (*His voice chokes.*) Anything, Fern!

FERN (*Hesitating*): Will you git me dat money, Gene?

GENE (*Stepping back*): You don't mean—? . . . Oh, what's the use of trying to fight any longer! The blacks are against me. The whites are against me. (*With shame.*) I'm even against myself! It's just as Roerich said—"the emotional side of the Negro," he said, "that's the important thing!" (*He laughs bitterly, and passes his hand across his eye.*)

FERN: Doan know what you talkin' 'bout. But I ain't goin' to wait. (*She starts out.* GENE *catches her, pulls her back, again wild with the fear of losing her.*)

GENE: I'll do it, honey! Stay and listen—I'll do it! See if I don't!

(*She pauses. Trembling with anxiety lest she shall reconsider and start away once more,* GENE *hurries to the desk, finds a letter, and takes it with him to the telephone.*)

GENE (*in an excited voice, reading the number from letterhead*) Stuyvesant eight-two hundred. (*His hand over the mouthpiece*) I'm doing it, Fern—

what you wanted! We'll be rich! You can have all the clothes. (*Speaking into the telephone.*) Hello! I want to leave a message for Mr. Roerich. Eugene Lawrence, speaking. It's about a book of mine—a story of Negro life. Tell him I'll take his offer. . . . What? . . . Yes. . . . The title will be—"Black Love"!

(*He hangs up, sits still in the chair, into which he has dropped, staring over at the manuscript on the desk, slowly beginning to realize what he has done.* FERN *sets down her suit-case, goes to him quickly, and slips her arm around his neck. He looks up at her, his eyes filled with a tragic devotion.*)

GENE (*In a whisper*): Black Love—! (*He covers his face with his hands.*)

CURTAIN.

DISCUSSION OF PLAYS

In entering upon the problem of race the leader may introduce such plays as are available, plays which give a background of appreciation of other people, plays which set forth some of the problems of adjustment which they must make in this conglomerate America, and plays which suggest ways in which we may share what we have with others.

Remembering that the drama is suggested as a guide in facing current problems, the aim of this study is to arrive at a better appreciation of other racial groups in order to develop right attitudes toward them, right attitudes being essential to right conduct.

After a group reading of *The Slave* many factors which enter into our attitudes toward those of

another race will be revealed. The leader should encourage the members of the group, during the discussion, to cite examples from their own observation and experience of situations in which those of other races have or have not been treated justly. It will not be enough, however, to exchange incidents. If the experience is to be a growing one it will be necessary to discuss reasons why certain conditions exist and why the attainment of justice is so difficult. The following questions may be used as a guide in the discussion of *The Slave.*

1. What is the theme of the play?
2. Give a character analysis of Eugene; of Fern; of Mr. Roerich.
3. Is this marital situation peculiar to the Negro race?
4. What do you think of the attitude of Mr. Roerich in the play?
5. Do you know any Negroes of Fern's type? Of Eugene's type?
6. By which type, the underprivileged or the cultural, do we usually judge the entire Negro race?
7. Do you believe the Negro will eventually struggle through to culture and education?
8. What have been his achievements since his emancipation?
9. Do you think this achievement great, compared with that of other groups?
10. Are Negroes really free to-day?
11. What are the barriers which stand between us and a sympathetic understanding of the Negro?

There are other Negro plays, the study of which is conducive to sympathetic appreciation of Negro

culture and background. These, if available, may be read by members of the group and discussed.

While *Porgy* depicts the lower strata of Negro society in a certain section of the South, it is necessary to have an understanding of this level of Negro life in order to fully appreciate the amazing progress which he has made. *Porgy* reveals the soul of the Negro, striving to become the master of his environment against almost impossible odds.

Green Pastures has been called the "divine comedy" of modern times. It depicts the religious concepts of a certain group of Negroes in the South who still cling to a naïve belief in God and heaven, undisturbed by theological disputes. A study of the play not only gives us a deeper appreciation of the Negro, but causes us to search ourselves to see how real are our own convictions.

Listed in the bibliography are a number of other strong plays on Negro life and thought. If these are available, the leader will wish to distribute as many as possible for reading, keeping constantly in mind the aim of such study—that of developing the intelligent appreciation of other racial and national groups and right attitudes toward them, resulting in right conduct.

There are few plays dealing with the American Indian. Perhaps the best is *Two Thousand Miles for a Book.* In sections of the country where the unhappy condition of the American Indian gives eloquent testimony to America's neglect of her firstborn, the study of such a play may "call to remembrance" the urgent need for special attention to this problem.

In studying such plays as *The Jazz Singer* one

clearly sees the break which has come between the faithful Jewish father and the modern child not interested in Judaism. In the play, *At the Gates*, depicting the realism of an immigrant family's heartbreak, there is again a beautiful, pathetic picture of the peculiar loyalty and devotion which exists in Jewish families.

The Sword of the Samurai reflects the effect of the United States Exclusion Act on Japan, and its appeal is unmistakable in furthering an understanding of the problem from the Oriental point of view. As the discussion develops, the study and analysis of plays are unlimited in possibilities for bringing about the attitude of appreciation of other races and the desire of sharing with them.

Culminating the study. After reports have been given and plays have been discussed, the leader may guide the group into a consideration of some definite activity. Perhaps the activity will suggest itself as the study progresses. In one school, where a Negro couple happened to be in attendance, the leader took the opportunity to say at the outset of the study on race that these Negroes were enrolled at the school, and raised the question as to whether the group had any responsibility in such a social situation. Their presence on the campus gave the students an opportunity to carry out in practice some of the convictions which were coming to them through their study.

It was very interesting to watch the development of friendliness on the part of the group. This spirit did not come at once, as several days passed with no effort on the part of anyone. Then, someone began to introduce them, and the ice was broken.

Someone else invited them to the dining hall, and it was completely thawed. From then on they were the center of small, interested groups about the campus and in the classrooms. The climax came when they were guests at the banquet, and the students on their own initiative encouraged their new friends to lead in the singing of the spirituals.

Doubtless, the beautiful spirit and the evident culture of these two were a revelation to many who had not experienced this type of friendship before.

Because of the fine spirit of the group it was not as difficult to show friendship in this situation as it might be where there was not the social approval of the group. It is important, therefore, that the leader emphasize consistent attitude and conduct.

In one institute in a Middle Western State the subject of race had been the center of many a heated discussion. The young people represented that large group who develop prejudice and intolerance because of lack of contact with those of other races. As a climax to the institute a young man from the Philippines arrived unexpectedly, as a guest of the faculty. The whole-hearted, enthusiastic way in which the student body greeted their guest was all the more satisfying because it was spontaneous. Their discussions that week, pointing as they had toward a more friendly feeling for others, paved the way for this sincere and cordial welcome. His natural charm and humanness, making the group feel his similarity to themselves, broke down the acquired antipathy which they undoubtedly held toward his race as a whole.

In some situations, where there are no other

races represented, it is possible for the individuals of the group studying these problems to come into very vital contact with other peoples as they participate in the reading or producing of plays chosen to reflect the longings and aspirations of other races. As one vicariously lives through the part of a Negro suffering injustice at the hands of a white man, or portrays an experience of an Oriental's great sorrow in being barred from the United States, or shares the pathos of the Jewish family, divided by religious conflict, one really comes to understand and appreciate him.

For additional information address The American Interracial Seminar, 112 East 19th Street, New York City; local offices of the Urban League; Commission on Goodwill Between Jews and Christians, 105 East 22d Street, New York City; Filipino Federation of America, 428 Stack Building, Los Angeles, California; and the Christian Student Movement, representing various races, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City.

CHAPTER II

THE PROBLEM OF INDUSTRY

"BREAD"[1]

By Fred Eastman

Characters

John Curtis (age about forty-two), a farmer
Martha Curtis (age about forty), his wife
Grandma (seventy), his mother
Stella (fifteen), his blind daughter
Betty (fourteen), another daughter
Jim (sixteen), his son

Scene: The living room of a farm home.

Time: The present.

The rising curtain discloses the living and dining room of *John Curtis* and his family. At the rear, right, is a door opening upon the front porch. Balancing it on the left is a rather wide window through which a window box of flowers is seen. In the middle of the right wall is a door leading to the kitchen; in the middle of the left wall, a door

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leading to a bedroom. The furnishings are simple, even meager. A dining-room table covered with a red tablecloth stands at right center, and at the right front, along the right wall, is a cupboard. In the left rear corner of the room stands a what-not on which is a collection of basket-weaving materials and some large volumes. Upon the floor is a large rag rug, and upon the table an oil reading lamp, with an old-fashioned shade. Directly in front of the window are two chairs, the one on the right an old-fashioned rocker; the one on the left a straight-backed dining-room chair similar to half a dozen others about the room. In front of this particular chair is a small table, and upon it is one of the large volumes. In the rocking-chair sits *Grandma Curtis,* John's mother, darning stockings. She is a woman of about seventy, with gray hair and a simple black dress. In the chair back of the little table is *Stella,* a blind girl of fifteen, her face bright and filled with enthusiasm as her fingers touch lightly the pages of raised type before her.

STELLA (*Reading*): "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

GRANDMA: That doesn't apply to this family.

STELLA: Why not, Grandma?

GRANDMA: There is nothing poor in spirit about us. Everybody around this house has too much spirit. That's the trouble. It makes 'em all so rambunctious.

STELLA (*Reading*): "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

GRANDMA: That doesn't apply either.

STELLA: Why, Grandma.

GRANDMA: This family doesn't hunger and thirst after righteousness. Not so you could notice it. John hungers to make the farm pay; Martha hungers for a piano; Jim hungers for a job in the city, where he thinks he will have more fun and less work. Betty hungers for more eggs from her hens.

STELLA: And you—what do you hunger for, Grandma?

GRANDMA: I hunger for a bathroom in this house. It's a shame the way we have to do without one year after year. Last winter when it was ten below zero—

STELLA: Yes, Grandma, I know. But how could father put in a bathroom when he couldn't even pay the interest on the mortgage?

GRANDMA: I'm not blamin' him. I'm just telling you what I hunger for.

STELLA: And me—what do I hunger for?

GRANDMA: You ought to know. Is it for righteousness?

STELLA: No, I'm afraid it isn't. I hunger to make enough money from my basket-weaving to buy some new books with this raised type.

GRANDMA: Well, that's no sin. You're the only one in this house that has got any time to read; and if it wasn't for your readin' to me, I don't know what I'd do. I would sure be lonesome. Darnin' socks all day! It's the holiest family that way I ever saw.

(*Enter* BETTY *from the door at the right. She is a winsome lass, dressed in a bright gingham, and carrying a basket of eggs. She fairly bursts into*

the room in her excitement, and leaves the door wide open behind her.)

BETTY: Hooray, Stella! Fourteen eggs to-day! That's all I need to make my twenty dollars!

STELLA: Fine, Betty! Has mother got her eighty yet?

BETTY: Almost. She had seventy-eight dollars and sixty cents last Tuesday. I don't know how much butter she got from her churning to-day. (*Calling.*) Hey, mother, how many pounds of butter did you make to-day?

(*Enter from the right* MRS. JOHN CURTIS. *She is a plump and hearty woman of about forty. She wears a cheap cotton dress, and apron, and cotton stockings. Her hair is in some disarray and her face is flushed, but pride shines from her eyes. She carries a bowl of butter.*)

MARTHA: Six pounds! And as fine a lot as I ever made!

STELLA: Let me taste it, mother.

(MARTHA *takes a spoon from the cupboard drawer, dips the tip of it into the butter, and gives* STELLA *a taste.*)

MARTHA: Sure. I hope the customers like to eat it as well as I like to make it. There's something about butter-making that's real fun in spite of all the work. To see the yellow come, and then to pat it and roll it until the water is out of it, and then to shape it into a big ball—I don't know, but I feel like an artist makin' statues out of clay.

STELLA (*Tasting*): Mother, you are an artist. Tell me, does it look as good as it tastes? Is it golden like the sunlight on the ripe wheat fields?

MARTHA: Yes, like the wheat before it begins to

get brownish. You remember, don't you? I can't see how you do. You were only three years old when the fever came. I can't remember anything I saw when I was three.

BETTY (*Counting on her fingers*): Six times forty is two hundred forty. That's two dollars and forty cents. Seventy-eight and two-forty is eighty-something, and my twenty makes one hundred and—hot dogs! We've got it, mother! We've got the piano!

MARTHA (*Triumph in her face*): Have we? That's right! Your twenty and my eighty! Thank goodness! (*She puts the bowl of butter on the table and catching* BETTY'S *hands, dances joyfully around the room.*) A piano! We're going to have a piano!

GRANDMA: We need a bathroom before we need a piano.

MARTHA (*Emphatically*): No, we don't. We can get along without a bathroom a while longer, mother. But these children have got to have music lessons.

GRANDMA: Suppose they was to get sick—what good would a piano do 'em? But a bathroom—

MARTHA (*Shaking her head*): It's got to be a piano. We've saved for three years for this hundred and done without things we needed. If we was to wait any longer, it would be too late. Betty is gettin' to be a big girl already and Stella has been so patient—

STELLA: Do you suppose I can learn to play as easily as I learned the reading?

MARTHA: I'll bet you will find it easier. Why, I never had but two lessons when I was a girl, but

I took right to it; and you are smarter than I was.

STELLA: Why didn't you go on?

MARTHA: Our barn burned and there wasn't any more money for music lessons.

GRANDMA: Well, you better not count your chickens before they're hatched.

MARTHA: What do you mean, mother?

GRANDMA: What's happened once can happen again. If you are goin' to get a piano, you had better get it before the barn burns or something else happens.

MARTHA: I guess you're right. Three years ago I almost had the hundred, and then Jim broke his leg falling off the roof. When we finished payin' the doctor I only had eleven dollars left.

BETTY: Mother! Let's get it to-day! Something might happen, and, besides, we could surprise everybody with it to-night. Just think! This very night!

MARTHA (*Hesitating*): I couldn't very well go to town to-day. To-morrow the threshers come and I've got the ironin' to do yet.

BETTY (*Eagerly*): No, mother! Let's not wait another day. Jim is goin' to town in the Ford to get the binder twine. I heard him say so. He could take the butter and eggs to the grocery for us.

STELLA: Yes, mother, and then he could put the money in the bank as he always does, and you give him a check to take to the piano store. You've got the piano all picked out, and they said they would deliver it whenever you gave them the check, didn't they?

MARTHA: Yes, they've held it three months for me.

They said it was the best used instrument in the shop. But the money ain't on a checking account. I told Jim to put it in the savings department so it would draw interest.

STELLA: You could write a note to the bank, couldn't you, and ask them to let Jim have the money?

BETTY (*Dancing up and down*): And get it here to-night! To-night!

MARTHA: I'll do it! And we'll have it here for to-morrow when the threshers come! Guess it will make them sit up some.

GRANDMA: Where you goin' to put it?

MARTHA: Right over where this old cupboard stands. The cupboard can go to the kitchen.

GRANDMA: That will make you walk farther with the dishes.

MARTHA: It doesn't matter. I can stand more walking if we can have a little music. Betty can play a march for me while I walk, can't you, Betty?

BETTY: I'll learn to play a march that will make you gallop. Won't that be fun? Let's shut our eyes and pretend. (*She closes her eyes and pretends that the cupboard is the piano, and plays a rollicking tune while* MARTHA *dances about and* STELLA *beats time with her hands.*)

(*Enter* JIM, *by the front door. He is a well-built lad with dark hair and eyes, and his skin shows the tan of the harvest fields. He wears overalls, and seems tired and hot. He stands a moment watching the scene.*)

JIM: Is it the heat or just natural?

STELLA: Oh, Jim, we've got something for you to do.

JIM (*Sinking wearily into a chair and wiping the perspiration from his face with a bandanna*): I'll bet you have. Everybody's got something for me to do. There's more work on this farm than—.

BETTY: How soon you goin' to town, Jim?

JIM: Right away. And I wish to Heaven I could stay there. Those town boys have it soft.

MARTHA (*Taking a bank book from a bowl in the cupboard*): Jim, we are going to surprise your father. I want you to take the butter to town with you and leave it at Collin's grocery. It's six pounds and ought to bring about two-forty. Take Betty's eggs too; they will bring a quarter. Then take the money to the bank. I'll give you a note that will tell them to give you all I got there on the savings account—.

JIM (*Suddenly alarmed*): Why? What's the matter? What you goin' to do with it?

BETTY: We're going to get the piano! We're going to get the piano!

JIM: You ain't got enough for that. You said it would take a hundred.

MARTHA: It will. The butter money will make it eighty and Betty will add her twenty. Then you take it to Porter's piano store and tell him to get the piano out here this afternoon sure.

JIM (*Swallowing*): I don't see how I could do it to-day, moth—

BETTY (*Who in the meantime has taken a purse out of the drawer in the cupboard*): Here's my nineteen dollars and seventy-five cents.

JIM: Wouldn't some other day do, mother? I'm awfully busy to-day. You see, I—I—.

MARTHA: What else you got to do besides get the binder twine? That won't take five minutes.

JIM: Why, nothing, especially in town, except I wanted to see more of the fellows about something, and—

MARTHA: You're not goin' around to that poolroom, Jim.

JIM (*Irritably*): All right, all right. But a fellow is entitled to a little fun now and then, isn't he?

MARTHA: Not that sort.

JIM: And, besides, father needs me back here in the field. The old mare was kind of sick this morning and we didn't get along very fast.

MARTHA: All we want you to do won't take long—not over twenty minutes at most. Go 'long now and get washed while I write the note to the bank.

(JIM *hesitates awkwardly as if about to say something, looks at* BETTY'S *purse in his hand, tightens his grip on it and starts toward the kitchen.*)

JIM (*Going*): A fellow don't get any rest around this place. Between father and that old horse and all these errands I'm drove pretty near crazy. (*Exit.*)

MARTHA (*Looking after him*): What's got into that boy? He didn't use to be this way—so cantankerous and all. And he wanted that piano just as much as the rest of us a little while ago. (*Taking ink bottle and paper from the cupboard.*) Come on, Betty, tend to that buttermilk while I write this note. Stella, you can do the dishes, now the churnin's out of the way. (*She goes into the kitchen, followed by* BETTY, *whose hands dance over the keys of an imaginary piano.*)

GRANDMA: 'Pears to me like Jim was mighty leary of orderin' that piano.

STELLA (*Rising and feeling her way to the kitchen door*): Oh, Jim's all right, Grandma. He's just resentful at having one more chore to do.

GRANDMA: Mebbe so, mebbe so. Never can tell about boys. When they get the "I-don't-want-to's" or the "Gimmes" or the "Mefirsts," they just have to live through them like the whooping cough.

(*Stella goes into the kitchen. The front door opens and* JOHN CURTIS *enters. He is a middle-aged man of medium stature, his head graying and his shoulders a bit stooped. He wears overalls and carries a wide-brimmed straw hat. He is hot and perspiring and limps painfully upon his left leg.*)

JOHN (*Sinking into a chair beside the table*): That's about the last straw. (*Rubs his leg.*)

GRANDMA: What is the matter, John? Did you hurt yourself?

JOHN: No, I ain't hurt bad except in the pocket-book. The old mare fell dead on me and kind of wrenched my knee a bit.

GRANDMA: Tct! Tct! Ain't that too bad! I'll get the arnicky for you.

(*She rises.*)

JOHN: All right, ma. Gosh! It's just one thing after another. First, the flood in the spring, and I couldn't get the corn in soon enough. Then a cool summer and it wouldn't ripen. Then that darned corn borer got busy in the stalks. The wheat ain't more'n two thirds a crop, and the price is fallin'. And now the old mare ups and

dies on me. (*Trying to cheer up.*) Well, we'll manage somehow.

GRANDMA: One thing at a time, John. You got to rub that knee before it gets stiff or it won't be good for nothin' but a poker. (*She goes into the bedroom.*)

(*Enter* BETTY *from the kitchen. She doesn't see her father at first and has evidently come just to picture the piano in the place of the cupboard, for she gazes wistfully at it as she wipes the churn-dash in her hands.*)

JOHN: Hello, sis!

BETTY: Why, daddy, what are you home for? It isn't dinner time yet.

JOHN: Oh, I hurt my knee a little when the old mare fell dead on me this morning. Grandma is gettin' the arnicky for me.

BETTY: I'm so sorry, daddy. What did the mare die of?

JOHN: I don't know. I guess she just got discouraged waitin' for the government to do something for the farmer.

BETTY: Want I should rub your knee, daddy?

JOHN: No, I can rub it. I need cheerin' more than I need rubbin'.

BETTY: Daddy, I got a secret that will cheer you up when you hear it.

JOHN: Let's have it.

BETTY: I can't tell you now, but it's something *fine*. You'll hear it—I mean you'll see it to-night.

JOHN: I need cheerin' now.

BETTY (*Hesitating*): Do you think it would do you more good now than to-night?

JOHN: I couldn't feel any worse than I do now. But don't tell me if you oughtn't to.

BETTY: I'll tell. We're going to get a piano! to-day!

JOHN: A piano? For us? Did some one die and leave it to us?

BETTY: No, sir! We're buying it! Mother's butter money and my egg money.

JOHN: How much you got?

BETTY: A hundred dollars altogether. Isn't that fine?

JOHN: A hundred dollars! (*Half to himself.*) I could get a new horse for a hundred dollars. Or, better yet, I could make the first payment on a tractor.

BETTY (*disappointed*): You don't seem so cheered up about it.

JOHN: Yes, I am, Betty. I'm certainly glad we got that hundred dollars. But I'm not so sure about the piano. We're havin' such hard times just now—

BETTY: Oh, but the piano's already ordered.

JOHN: Who ordered it?

BETTY: Mother. She gave Jim a note and the butter and eggs. He's going to get the money from the bank and pay it to the store and have the piano out here to-night!

JOHN: Where is Jim?

BETTY: He's gone to town. He ought to be there by this time. Aren't you glad about it, daddy?

JOHN: Yes, darlin', I *am* glad. And I want you to have your piano as much as any one. But I don't want you to go to the poorhouse. They wouldn't take a piano to the poorhouse, now,

would they? Just you wait a minute. (*He limps to the telephone and calls the operator.*) Hello, Carrie, give me the bank. Yep, that's all I want to-day—just one bank.

BETTY (*Alarmed*): What are you going to do, daddy?

JOHN: Tell your mother to come here, Betty. (BETTY *goes to the kitchen weeping.*) Hello, this the bank? This is John Curtis. Has my boy Jim been there yet? No?

(*Enter from kitchen,* MARTHA, *and from the bedroom,* GRANDMA, *the latter carrying a bottle of arnica. They stand listening. Martha's back is stiffening and her face takes on a look of determination.*) Well, Jim was coming to draw out some money. Just tell him not to bother about that to-day, will you, and to hurry home with that binder twine? Thanks (*He hangs up the receiver and turns to face* MARTHA.)

GRANDMA: I smell a row. Well, a little excitement might be a relief after darnin' socks for a year.

MARTHA: Betty told me about the mare, John, and about your knee. I'm sorry. But why did you call up the bank? It wouldn't take Jim but a few minutes to do our errand.

JOHN: Sit down, Martha, and let me talk to you about that errand.

(*They all sit.* MARTHA *and* JOHN *in center.* GRANDMA *gives her bottle to* JOHN *and takes her rocking-chair.* JOHN *rolls up his left trouser leg and rubs his knee with the arnica as he talks.*)

MARTHA: There's nothing to be said about the errand, John. It's our money—Betty's and mine.

We've saved it for three years. We are going to have that piano.

JOHN: I want you to have it, Martha. And I ain't the man to take the money away from you. I only want to borry it.

MARTHA: No, John. We won't lend it to you.

JOHN: Why not, Martha?

MARTHA: Because you couldn't pay it back, soon enough, anyway.

JOHN: How soon?

MARTHA: Before these children get any older. We've waited long enough already.

JOHN: I know you've waited, Martha. And God knows I don't want you to wait a day longer than necessary. But it seems necessary.

MARTHA: Necessary for what?

JOHN: Necessary for a tractor.

MARTHA: No! You can't have our money for a tractor! (*Pleading.*) Please, John. You don't know how hard we've worked for that money. It would break Betty's heart—and mine.

JOHN: Now, Martha, listen to reason. I can't farm without tools, can I? You couldn't make butter if you didn't have a churn, could you?

MARTHA (*Near to weeping*): But, John, you can't take our butter-and-egg money for your tools. You wouldn't do that. Don't you remember when we were married and before that how you talked about the farmers that never gave their wives any money of their own? You said it would be different with us. You promised that I should always have my butter-and-egg money to spend on the home.

GRANDMA: That's what they all say before they marry. John, your pa promised—.

JOHN: Never mind, ma. This is different.

GRANDMA: That's just what he said after we were married.

JOHN: Martha, I don't want to take your money. I only want to borry it.

MARTHA: It would be the same as taking it. You couldn't pay it back.

JOHN: Now, don't take on so. Listen to reason, I say.

MARTHA: I don't want to hear any reasonin' that takes away our piano.

JOHN: You ain't got it yet, so you wouldn't miss it.

MARTHA: For six years we've saved, John. Don't you remember what happened last time, three years ago, when we almost had the hundred—about Jim's leg and the doctor's bills? You said you would pay that back and I wouldn't let you. Jim was our boy, and I was willing to spend the piano money for that. But the mare, and a new tractor—that's different. Oh, John, I couldn't! I just couldn't!

JOHN: If you would only be calm a minute, Martha, I could make you see things straighter. You ain't quite well, I guess.

MARTHA (*Pulling herself together*): Say what you got to say; I'll listen, but I won't give in.

JOHN: If I could borry the money any place else, I would. But I couldn't pay the interest on the mortgage so the bank wouldn't lend me none. And there's no one else to go to. I ain't squandered any money, have I?

MARTHA: No. There ain't been any to squander.

What's that got to do with my piano money?

JOHN: It means that to buy a new tractor we got to borry the piano money.

MARTHA: Suppose there wasn't any piano money; then what would you do?

JOHN: If I couldn't get a tractor, or at least a new horse, I couldn't farm; and if I couldn't farm I'd go bankrupt. Think of what it would mean, Martha, to hear the neighbors say, "There goes John Curtis; he's a failure." I couldn't stand that!

MARTHA: Is that all you got to say, John?

JOHN: I guess that's all.

MARTHA: Now, you listen to me. You can't bear to have folks say you are a failure. I understand that. But I can't stand it to have the folks in town say of our children, "There's those Curtis kids; they're just ignorant country jakes."

JOHN: They ain't ignorant. They've been to school.

MARTHA: School ain't everything. They ought to have music and pictures and books. It's our job to see that they have them. But we've never had any music in this house, and no pictures, and mighty few books.

JOHN: Music and pictures and books are all right, Martha. I want the children to have them. But they are luxuries—and we've got to have bread before we can have luxuries.

MARTHA (*Bursting out*): Luxuries! That's what you've always said! But it ain't so, John. The children *need* them. And *I* do. We are starved for them. You can starve for such things as well as for bread. Ain't there something in the Bible what says you can't live by bread alone?

For seventeen years I've done the washing and cooking and the baking. I've patched the clothes of the family. I've had just four hats since we were married. I ain't never had a vacation. Something inside me has been dyin', John.

JOHN (*Moved*): I guess it's your love for me, Martha.

MARTHA (*Softened*): How can you say that, John?

JOHN: God knows I wouldn't blame you. I ain't been able to do much for you. I guess I am a failure.

MARTHA (*Going to him and kneeling by his side*): Oh, John, John! Don't say that! It ain't your fault. It's the way with most of the farmers. They don't get a square deal.

JOHN: But what am I goin' to do? What *am* I goin' to do?

GRANDMA: Keep rubbin' that knee, John; It'll freeze up on you if you don't.

MARTHA: There's nothing for you to do, John. (*With an effort.*) You can have the piano money. There ain't nothin' else to do.

JOHN: When you act like that about it, I ain't got the heart to take it. May be we just better give up, sell the farm an' move to the city. I could get a job in a factory.

MARTHA: No, John. I've thought of that often. It would be easier. But we are goin' to stick by the old homestead as long as we got our strength.

GRANDMA: You better compromise. Instead of gettin' either a tractor or a piano, if you put a bathroom in this house—

JOHN: Now, ma, don't start on that. We've had enough trouble.

(*Enter* JIM *by the kitchen door, followed by* BETTY *and* STELLA. *There is a look of grim determination about him and his fists are clinched.* MARTHA *rises quickly and faces him.*)

MARTHA: What is it, Jim? Why you lookin' so queer?

JIM (*Squaring his shoulders*): There's no use beatin' about the bush, mother. There ain't any hundred dollars. I spent it, and I've come to take my medicine.

MARTHA (*Aghast*): You *spent* it?

JOHN: What's that you're sayin'?

JIM: I spent it at cards, gamblin' in the poolroom in the village.

MARTHA: To-day? Just now?

JIM: No. All along. As you gave me the money, I took it to the poolroom and gambled with it.

MARTHA: But you couldn't. You put it in the bank. The bank book says so.

JIM: I wrote those things in the bank book myself. It had the eleven dollars in there when you gave it to me. I wrote in all the rest. The eleven is still there. But the rest is gone.

MARTHA: And Betty's egg money—the twenty dollars?

JIM (*Shaking his head in misery*): That's gone, too. I lost it just now on a throw of the dice. I bet the whole thing trying to get back what I'd lost. (BETTY *bursts into tears.* STELLA *takes her in her arms and strokes her hair.*)

JOHN: You're a thief. That's what you are!

JIM: Yes, that's what I am. What are you going to do with me? Put me in jail?

MARTHA (*In agony*): Oh, God, I can't bear any more!

JIM (*His voice breaking*): I wish I was dead. I didn't realize—mother. Honest, I didn't.

MARTHA: But why, *why* did you do it, Jim?

JIM: You remember three years ago when you gave me that first butter to sell? Well, I sold it and was on my way to the bank when I passed Griffin's window. There was a necktie there I wanted. It was seventy-five cents. I didn't have any money of my own. I almost never did. I had heard of some of the fellows at the poolroom making money at cards. I thought I would risk it. So I got in a game. At first I won half a dollar. And then I began to lose, and the whole amount went. I didn't have the nerve to tell you. The next week I tried again, and so on, week after week. Sometimes I made a little, but never enough to pay you back, so I kept at it. If—

JOHN: Get out of this house! We'll have no crooks here!

JIM (*Turning to go*): I don't blame you. I'll go. If I had had a gun this morning, I would have killed myself. (*Pausing.*) Why don't you call up the sheriff and put me in jail?

JOHN (*Starting toward the telephone*): By Heaven, I will!

MARTHA (*Stopping him*): No! No! Wait, John! Think! He's our boy—our only son! It would ruin him.

JOHN: Well, he's ruined us, ain't he?

MARTHA: No! we're not ruined; we're just hard-hit—and he's repented, John, he's repented!

JOHN: I could forgive him, if it was my money, but it was your's and Betty's.

JIM (*Miserably*): I ain't got any excuse.

MARTHA (*Going to* JIM): You've come and told us like a man, Jim. You wouldn't do it again, now would you?

JIM: I've learned my lesson, but that doesn't get you your piano.

MARTHA: That's worth more'n a piano.

GRANDMA: There wasn't goin' to be any piano, Jim. Tell him, Martha.

MARTHA: The old mare died, Jim. We would have had to use the money for a tractor.

JIM: Died? Nellie dead? Gosh! Ain't we got trouble! And I made it all the worse. Go on, dad, call up the sheriff. I'll take my medicine.

MARTHA (*To* JOHN): See what a man he is?

JOHN: But what am I goin' to do? What *am* I goin' to do? I've *got* to have a tractor!

STELLA (*Who has been listening tensely*): I want to say something if you will only listen to me. (*They all turn to her.*)

MARTHA: What is it, Stella?

STELLA: I've been saving my money from my basket-weaving. I've got almost sixty dollars. Would that make a first payment on a tractor?

JIM: Don't! Not that! I can't stand it!

MARTHA (*To* STELLA): There ain't no call to do that, Stella. We can manage somehow.

STELLA: But I want to. It would help out, wouldn't it? I can weave some more baskets. Father needs his tractor *now*. I can wait for the other books, and I'd like to—if—if—father and Jim would—(*She hesitates.*)

MARTHA: Come, John. If *we* can forgive him, can't *you?*

JOHN (*Relenting*): You got a good mother, Jim.

JIM: What do you want me to do?

JOHN: Guess we better go out and bury the horse. Come on!

(*He starts toward the door.* JIM *follows, touching* STELLA'S *shoulder gratefully but awkwardly as he passes her.*)

MARTHA: Jim. (*She opens her arms to him and he comes into them half sobbing. She kisses his hair.*) You are worth more than all the pianos in the world to me, boy!

JIM: I'll make it up to you, mother, and to Betty. Honest, I will! Gosh! I feel better already for gettin' it off my chest! (*Exit.*)

(BETTY *goes to* GRANDMA *and buries her head on the old lady's shoulder.* STELLA *opens her big book and begins to run her fingers over the lines.*)

MARTHA (*Drying her eyes*): Now, there won't be either music or books in this house.

STELLA: But we will be happy again and Jim won't ever go wrong that way again, and father will have a better chance to make the farm pay.

MARTHA: I can't seem to figure it out. I want you children to be cultured, like city folks.

GRANDMA: What is this here culture?

MARTHA: I don't know exactly, ma; it's knowin' what's about things you can't see.

GRANDMA: And you thought a piano would teach that?

MARTHA: Yes.

GRANDMA: Well, I guess you are something of a piano yourself Martha.

STELLA: And you're a tractor too, mother.

MARTHA (*Her face lighting up*): What funny notions! You get me all flustered. Come on, Betty, let's get dinner.

(BETTY *lifts her head irresolutely from* GRANDMA'S *shoulder.*)

GRANDMA: You ain't licked, are you, Betty?

BETTY (*Straightening up*): Not yet! Listen! (*A hen is heard cackling in the barnyard.*) Hear that cackle? It's a new egg! That's the first two cents on the new piano! I'm going to get it before it gets cold! (*She runs out.*)

MARTHA (*Following her, pride shining in her face*): Bless her heart! Ain't she got spunk? (*Exit.*)

GRANDMA: Mebbe it's just as well not to get any more books, Stella. Too much readin' rots the mind. Anyway, you ain't read all that one yet. Go on with it.

STELLA (*Reading as the curtain falls*): "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. . . . ."

CURTAIN

Those individuals who have been born in humble farm homes and have shared in the hardships and bitter sacrifices of trying to wrest a living out of the earth are already familiar with the portrayal given in the foregoing play. To those who have not experienced conditions in some farm communities, it is difficult to picture the longings and heartbreak.

Of course there are many types of farms. Of

the six million farms being operated in the United States, perhaps forty per cent are of the type depicted in *Bread.*

Personal experiences and results of individual study may be exchanged in the course of the discussion, following the study of this play.

The following questions may be suggestive:

1. What is behind John Curtis' failure to make the farm pay?

2. Can the conditions pictured in this play be duplicated in any farm homes of your acquaintance?

3. From your knowledge of farming, would you choose it as your vocation? Give your reasons.

4. Do you consider the things this family wants—a piano, a bathroom, spending money—legitimate desires, or luxuries which the farmer should do without?

5. What do you think of the family's attitude toward Jim's wrongdoing?

6. Give in your own words an estimate of this family's struggle.

Another strong play of farm life, portraying the terrible struggle of the early pioneer, is the recent dramatization of Rolvaag's story, *Giants in the Earth.* One feels the tragic sacrifice of those who have paid the price with their own lives of our country's rapid growth. There are other plays picturing both the happy and unhappy experiences in the life of the farmer. *The Lean Years* shows in less tragic fashion the sacrifice of a farmer and his wife in making certain advantages possible for their children. *Granny* reflects the courage and unwavering optimism of two people, a grandmother and a young

girl, who refuse to be crushed by their environment.

The play, *A Window to the South*, shows how pathetic and lonely is one little woman who spends all her life, working from daylight to dark, on the farm and in her one-windowed kitchen. She has asked a small favor, to have a window to the south, through which she may see the trees and hills beyond. The other window looks toward the barns and fields, her husband's pride. Failing to find any understanding of her needs on the part of her husband the woman becomes obsessed by this one unfulfilled desire, and finally loses her mind.

Unless one has witnessed or experienced the loneliness and hunger for lovely things of many a woman on the farm, one has perhaps labored under the impression that farm women in general have been sharing in the new day of womanhood, with its opportunity and freedom. But this is not so of most women who work side by side with their husbands. Their lot is too often the clinging drudgery of household tasks, with no spare hours for reading, no opportunity to get beyond the narrow confines of their environment, no chance to lift themselves; always eager, they are, to make sure that life is easier for their children, that their own lonely, starved lives shall not be repeated.

1. Why does the farmer have so little time for recreation and cultural pursuits?

2. Has the Christian Church any responsibility in opening new avenues of interest to him?

3. Do you know of any movement in the direction of improved recreational advantages in rural communities?

4. Do young people who are raised on the farm usually come to the city to work? Why?

5. Do you know of any dramatic work which has been done in rural communities?

It is not only on farms that men and women are forced by the circumstances of life to live starved, spiritually lonely lives. In our great cities, the centers of industry, human life is cheap.

After reading such a play as *The Product of the Mill*, which is a most forceful protest against the injustice of child labor, some of the following questions may be used in directing the discussion:

1. Are there any industrial plants in your vicinity, and if so, do you know whether children are employed in them?

2. Do you think this play is overdrawn?

3. What measure of legislation could be enacted against child labor if you discovered such conditions as portrayed in the play?

4. What can you as an individual do about it? What can your young people's group do?

5. Has the church a right to "interfere" in the administration of industry?

6. One factory superintendent criticized church people and their zeal for reform in industry on the basis of their not being well informed. Do you consider this a just criticism?

7. As individual young people, going out into the business and economic world, what can you do to better conditions?

The Price of Coal, though an English play, vividly depicts another concomitant of modern American industry—accidental death and injury. One cannot read the play without suffering with the rela-

tives of the twenty thousand-odd workers who are killed in our industries every year, and the three million who are injured.

Do you feel that the worker is unreasonable when he demands:

1. Earnings sufficient to maintain a decent standard of living?
2. Reasonable hours of work?
3. Reasonable economic security during his active years, and old age?
4. A reasonable share with the employer in determining the conditions of employment?
5. An interest in the prosperity of the industry in which he is engaged?

Another play that the group may well read for background and further understanding of industrial problems is *Daily Bread.* This reveals a poignant situation in a tenement family where there are a real culture and a desire for a higher standard of living, but where the constant struggle for daily bread, in the midst of the unemployment problem at its height, makes the barest necessities beyond attainment.

Carlyle said, "A man willing to work and unable to find work is, perhaps, the saddest sight that fortune's inequality exhibits under the sun." Yet at the present time there are estimated to be four million able-bodied men out of work in the United States.

On the basis of the study of *Daily Bread,* the following questions may be discussed:

1. Can you point to some causes of unemployment?
2. What makes the problem even more pitiable in the case of Mr. Boyd?

3. Where would you place the blame in this situation?

Culminating the Study

Industry has many phases, and the time necessary to make anything like a thorough study would probably be prohibitive, but one phase of industry may be chosen for intensive study. For instance, a group interested in the farm situation may read the plays included in the collection, *Red Bud Women*, carefully studying the author's introduction. Another group may study the plays concerning conditions in the mining and factory centers of our country. The plays and supplementary material listed in the Bibliography in Part III will be of help.

There could be no better culmination to this study than for the members of the group in their respective local situations to get together as many of these plays as possible, form study groups, and launch out on a systematic program of play study and production, sharing plays with the various churches and clubs in each vicinity, until entire communities come to have an emotional appreciation of industrial problems which is necessary to any constructive action.

For additional information, address the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.; the Methodist Federation of Social Service, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City; the League for Industrial Democracy, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

CHAPTER III

THE PROBLEM OF INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL

"X=O: A NIGHT OF THE TROJAN WAR"[1]

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

Characters

PRONAX, SALVIUS } Greeks

ILUS, CAPYS } Trojans

A GREEK SENTINEL

A GREEK SERVANT

Scene 1: A Grecian tent on the Plain before Troy, toward the end of the ten years' war. It is a starry summer night. *Pronax* and *Salvius*, two young Greek soldiers, are in the tent, *Salvius* reading by a lighted torch, *Pronax* watching the night. During the scene a Sentinel passes at intervals to and fro behind the tent.

PRONAX: So is the night often at home. I have seen
White orchards brighten under a summer moon
As now these tents under the stars. This hour
My father's coppices are full of song,
While sleep is on the comfortable house—
Unless one dear one wakes to think of me
And count my chances when the Trojan death
Goes on its nightly errand. (*The* SENTINEL *passes.*)

[1] Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

It's a dear home,
And fragrant, and there's blessèd fruit and corn,
And thoughts that make me older than my youth
Come even from the nettles at the gate.
To-day, perhaps, the harvesters are out,
And on the night is the ripe pollen blown. . . . .
And this is the third harvest that has gone
While we have wasted on a barren plain
To avenge some wrong done in our babyhood
On beauty that we have not seen. Three years. . . .
But so it is, and so it must be done,
Till the Greek oath is proven. Salvius,
Why is all lovely thought a pain?

SALVIUS: We know
Even upon the flood of adoration,
That beauty passes. That's the tragic tale
That is our world.

PRONAX: Is it not very strange
That, prisoned in this quarrel so long and long,
Until to remember a little Argive street
Is torture to the bone, yet there is now
Nothing of hatred in the blood for them
Whose death is all our daily use, but merely
Consent in death, knowing that death may strike
Across our tongues as lightly as those that lie
Forever dumb because we might not spare.

SALVIUS: Not strange; who goes in company with death,
Watching his daily desolation, thinking,
On every stroke, of all the agony
That from that stroke goes throbbing, throbbing, throbbing,

Forgets all hate. How should we hate the dead?
And where death ranges as among us now,
You, Pronax, I, and our antagonists,
And friends alike are all but as dead men
(*The* SENTINEL *passes.*)

Moving together in a ghostly world,
With life a luckless beggar at the door.
It is not ours to hate, who have all put by
That safety where men think eternity
Inmeasurably far, and leisured passions have
Their sorry breeding place. Great kings may hate,
And priests may thunder hate, and gray-beard prophets
May cry again to those who cry their hate
In pride of their new-found authority,
Fearing lest love should mark them as they are,
And send them barren from their brutal thrift.
But not for us this envy. It is ours
Merely to die, or give the death that these
Out of their hatred or indifference will.

PRONAX: It's not that a man grows tardy in his duty. . . .
It's still a glad thing to do as the motherland bids,
Though the blind soul forgets how sprang the cause.
I shall die in my hour, though it should come to-day,
Not grudging. Yet it is bitterness for youth,
When nothing should be but scrutiny of life,
Mating and building towards a durable fame,
And setting the hearthstone trim for a lovers' cares,

To let all knowledge of these things go, and learn
Only of death, that should be hidden from youth,
A great thing biding upon the fullness of age,
And not made common gossip among these tides
Of daily beastliness. And still I must remember,
For all I have renounced my thronging life,
My orchards, and my rivers, and the bells
Of twilight cattle moving in the mist.

SALVIUS: I know; the mind grows faint with thinking of them—
Those little, lovely things of home. My bed
Looks to the west on the Ionian sea—
A sweet, fresh-smelling room it is. I wrote
My rightest poems there. I cannot see
A sail now coming Troyward but my brain
Is sick for that small room, above the quay
Where sailors laugh at dawn and all day long,
Until the silent sunset ships go out
Into Sicilian waters.

PRONAX: There your poems
Were made, in Pylos; and in Athens I
Too dreamed, although I caught no lyric song—
I envy you your song; I was to build
A cleaner state; I dreamed a policy
Purer than states have known; I was to bring
Princedom to every hearth, to every man
Knowledge that he was master of his fate.
The dream is dulled. Three years of Trojan dust
Have taught me but to pray at night for sleep,
And an arm stronger in cunning than my foe's,
A quicker eye to parry death. And, Salvius,
What of your songs!

SALVIUS: Asleep these many days,
Biding their happy time if that should be.

PRONAX: And death is watching,
(*The* SENTINEL *passes.*)

and your song, that grew
In the womb of generations for the use
And joy of men, may perish ere it takes
Its larger music, that the tale may go
That Greece drove bloodier war than Ilium;
That's a poor bargain. . . . But these thoughts that stir
Like ghosts out of a life that should have been
Neglect my duty. It is past the hour
I should be nosing along the Trojan wall
To catch what prey may be. I have scarred the wall
At the bend there where I told you, in the breaking stone,
These many nights, until at last I've made
A foothold to the top. It's a queer game,
This tripping of life suddenly in the dark,
This blasting of flesh that is wholesome yet in the blood,
And those who weep, I think, are as those would weep
If I should fall. I loathe it, but, good night;
You should sleep; it is late, and it is your guard at dawn.
(*He is arming himself and wrapping himself in his cloak.*)
Good night. What are you reading?

SALVIUS: Songs that one
Made in my province. The sails are in his song,
And seabirds, and our level pasturelands,
And the bronzed fishers on the flowing tides.
His name was Creon. I will make such songs
If the years will.

PRONAX (*who has poured himself out and drunk a cup of wine*): I know. Put out the torch
If you're abed before I come. Good night.

SALVIUS: Good night; good luck.

PRONAX: And will you bid them fill
The trough; this business may make bloody hands.
(*He looks out into the night and goes.*
The SENTINEL *passes.*)

SALVIUS (*Reading*): Upon the dark Sicilian waves,
The casting fishers go. . . . .

THE CURTAIN FALLS

Scene 2: On Troy Wall, *Capys*, a young Trojan soldier, is on guard, looking out over the plain where the Greeks are encamped. *Ilus*, another young soldier, his friend, wearing a bearskin, comes to him.

ILUS: When does your watch end?

CAPYS: In two hours; at midnight.

ILUS: They're beautiful, those tents, under the stars.
It is my night to go like a shadow among them,

And snatching a Greek life, come like a shadow again.
It's an odd skill to have won in the rose of your youth—
Two years, and once in seven days—a hundred,
More than a hundred, and only once a fault.
A hundred Greek boys, Capys, like myself—
Loving, and quick in honor, and clean of fear,
Spoiled in their beauty by me whose desire is beauty
Since first I walked the April hedgerows. Would time
But work upon this Helen's face, maybe
This nine-year quarrel would be done, and Troy
Grow sane, and her confounding councillors
Be given carts to clean and drive to market.
What of your sea-girl? Has she grown?

CAPYS: You ask
Always the question, friend. The chisels rust,
The moths are in my linen coats, my mallets
Are broken. Ilus, in my brain were limbs
Supple and mighty; the beauty of women moved
To miraculous birth in my imagining;
I had conceived the body of man, to make
Divine articulation of the joy
That flows uncounted in every happy step
Of health; the folk faring about Troy streets
Should have flowered upon my marble marvelously;
I would have given my land a revelation
Sweet as the making of it had been to me:
And still it shall be, if ever from my mind
Falls this obscure monotony, that makes

The world an echo, its vivid gesture gone.
Troy peaceful shall be Troy magnificent,
For I will make her so.

ILUS: It would be grand
If Troy would use us as we might be used,
To build and sing and make her market-places
Honest, and show her people that all evil
Is the lethargic mind. I have seen this Troy
Bloom in my thought into a simple state
Where jealousy was dead because no man spoke
Out of his vanity of the thing he knew not.
Capys, it is so little that is needed
For righteousness; we are all so truly made,
If only to our making we were true.
Why should we fight these Greeks? There was some anger,
Some generous heat of the blood those years ago,
When Paris brought his Helen into Troy
With Menelaus screaming at his heels;
But that's forgotten now, and none can stay
This thing that none would have endure. I have thought
Often, upon those nights when I have gone
Fatally through the Grecian tents, how well
Might he whose life I stole and I have thriven
Together conspiring this or that of good
For all men, and I have sickened, and gone on
To strike again as Troy has bidden me,
For an oath is a queer weevil in the brain.

CAPYS: Who is there?

A VOICE: Troy and the Trojan death.

CAPYS: Pass, Troy.
It is still upon the plains to-night, and the stars
Are a lantern light against you—you must go
Warily, Ilus. The loss of many friends
Has sharpened my love, not dulled me against loss.
I am careful for you to-night in all this beauty
Of glowing summer—disaster might choose this night
So brutally, and so disaster likes.
Go warily.

ILUS: I know the tented squares
And every lane among the Greeks, as I know
The walls of Troy; and I can pass at night
Within an handshot of a watching eye,
And be but a shadow of cloud or a windy bush.
A hundred times, remember.

CAPYS: Yet would I could come
To take your danger or share it.

ILUS: No; there's a use
That's more than courage in this. And, Capys, yet
Those chisels must win your vision into form
For the world's light and ease. It's an ill day
Among ill days that smites the seer's lips.
Your work's to do.

CAPYS: And yours—that dream of Troy
Regenerate, with the heart of the people shown
In the people's life, not lamentably hurt
By men, who, mazed with authority, put by
Authority's proper use, and so are evil,
While still the folk under their tyranny keep

Their kindness, waiting upon deliverance.
So may we come together to our work,
In prophecy you of life, creation I.
How long to-night?

ILUS: Before your watch is done
I shall be back. Here at this point, before
The night is full; throw me the rope upon
The signal, thus—

(*He whistles. He is climbing over the parapet, to which he has hooked a rope.*)

Peace with you till I come.

CAPYS: And luck with you. Go warily. Farewell.

(ILUS *drops down to the plain below.* CAPYS *draws the rope up. There is silence for a moment.*)

CAPYS (*Moving to and fro along the wall*):

Or Greek or Trojan, all is one
When snow falls on our summertime,
And when the happy noonday rime
Because of death is left undone.

The bud that breaks must surely pass,
Yet is the bud more sure of May
Than youth of age, when every day
Death is youth's shadow in the glass.

(*A hand is seen groping on the parapet.* PRONAX, *looking cautiously along the wall, draws himself up silently, unseen by* CAPYS, *who continues*):

Beside us ever moves a hand,
Unseen, of deadly stroke, and when
It falls on youth—

(*He hears the movement behind him, and turns swiftly.*)

Who's there?

PRONAX (*Rushing upon him*): A Greek unlucky to Trojan arms—A sworn Greek, terrible in obedience.

(*His onslaught has overwhelmed* CAPYS, *who falls without a cry, the Greek's dagger in his breast.* PRONAX *draws it out, looks at his dead antagonist, shudders, peers out over the wall, and very carefully climbs down at the point where he came.*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

Scene 3: The Greek tent again. *Salvius* is still reading, and the torch burning. *A Servant* brings a large jar of water which he pours into the trough outside the tent. He goes with the jar, and a moment later the Sentinel passes behind the tent. There is silence for a few moments, *Salvius* turning the pages of his book. Then, from the shadow in front of the tent, ILUS in his bearskin is seen stealthily approaching. He reaches the tent opening without a sound, and in the same unbroken silence his dagger is in the Greek's heart. *Ilus* catches the dead man as he falls, and lets his body sink onto one of the couches inside the tent. The Sentinel passes. *Ilus*, breathless, waits till the steps have gone, and then, stealthily as he came, disappears.

There is a pause. PRONAX comes out of the darkness, and throwing his cloak on the ground, goes straight to the trough, and begins to wash his hands.

PRONAX: What, still awake, and reading?
Those are rare songs,
To keep a soldier out of his bed at night.
Ugh—Salvius, sometimes it's horrible—
He had no time for a word—he walked those walls
Under the stars as a lover might walk a garden
Among the moonlit roses—this cleansing's good—
He was saying some verses, I think, till death broke in.
Cold water's good after this pitiful doing,
And freshens the mind for comfortable sleep.
Well, there, it's done, and sleep's a mighty curer
For all vexations.

(*The* SENTINEL *passes.*)

It's time that torch was out—
I do not need it, and you should be abed. . . .
Salvius . . .

(*He looks into the tent for the first time.*)

What, sleeping, and still dressed?
That's careless, friend, and the torch alight still. . . .
Salvius. . . .
Salvius, I say . . . gods! . . . What, friend. . . .
Salvius! Salvius! . . .
Dead! . . . it is done . . . it is done . . . there is judgment made. . . .
Beauty is broken . . . and there on the Trojan wall
One too shall come . . . one too shall come. . . .

(*The* SENTINEL *passes.*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

Scene 4: The Trojan wall. The body of *Capys* lies in the starlight and silence. After a few moments the signal comes from *Ilus* below. There is a pause. The signal is repeated. There is a pause.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

This play, *A Night of the Trojan War*, may be read aloud by different members of the group, or "walked through," as a basis for the discussion. The play is of such high literary merit and strikes so truly at the heart of the subject, that even the reading of it may be a great experience. To derive the greatest good, the play must be read carefully, with special attention given to expression and interpretation.

Of the play, Jack R. Crawford says in his introduction to *Pawns*, "X = O is . . . most deeply moving . . . , for it deals dramatically with the greatest of all evils—war. We need only to remember war as death stealing out of the darkness to strike down youth, to whom the vision of beauty is a natural dream, to realize war's horror. We then know war as the negation of truth. This play, furthermore, touches our emotions deeply because it is itself wrought out of deep emotion. Through the drama we see the ugly fact as it is and we come to hate it for its ugliness."

Such suggestions as the following, and others suggested by the group, or prepared by the leader, may be raised:

1. What is the theme of the play? Tell in your own words.

2. Discuss the following excerpts from the play:

"While we have wasted on a barren plain
To avenge some wrong done in our babyhood
On beauty that we have not seen."

Salvius' speech, page 78, "Great kings . . . indifference will."

Pronax's speech, page 78, "It's not . . . grudging."

Ilus' speech, page 82, "A hundred . . . market."

Ilus' speech, page 83, commencing, "It would be grand. . . ."

". . . men, who, mazed with authority, put by Authority's proper use, and so are evil . . . ," page 84.

3. How many of your companions at school would respond, without stopping to think the matter through, to the call for volunteers in another war?

4. Have you as an individual any convictions on the subject of peace and war? Do you think that you would hold the same convictions under pressure of war propaganda that you do in times of peace? Why is our attitude during times of peace so different from what it is during times of war?

5. If war is as futile as it is pictured in the play, why do nations participate? What are some of the causes of war? Would you include the following in your list?

(*a*) International economic rivalry.
(*b*) Selfishness.
(*c*) Thirst for power.
(*d*) Fear.
(*e*) Misunderstanding.
(*f*) Military education.
(*g*) Glorification of war in histories.

6. Do you feel that the ideals fought for in the World War have been realized?

7. Was the cost of ten million dead, twenty million wounded, and millions of women and children in misery and poverty, a justifiable expenditure in the light of the ends gained?

8. What was the attitude of the church during the war? Have its attitude and leadership changed?

9. What is your attitude toward the League of Nations?

10. Can you suggest instances when the use of good will as over against force has proved successful?

11. Is Gandhi's principle of nonresistance making any headway in India?

12. Do you feel that Drinkwater's ideal as expressed in Pronax's speech, page 79, "I was to build . . . fate," is impractical and impossible? Is war inevitable?

13. List on the blackboard the advantages and disadvantages of war as a means of settling international disputes.

14. What type of drama do you think best promotes international good will?

15. What, do you think, is the effect on most people of the following plays?—*What Price Glory? The Enemy, Journey's End, Hell's Angels, All Quiet on the Western Front, Wings.*

Journey's End is in some respects the best war play to date, written as it was by a man who had nothing to gain by the writing of it. He simply had a story to tell, and he told it. A reading of this before the entire group would be well worth while, if feasible.

Another play which should be given serious con-

sideration is *The Terrible Meek*, in which the author, Charles Rann Kennedy, sets forth in a powerfully dramatic way the universal truth that the Meek, the terrible, powerful, invincible Meek, shall inherit the earth. Such a play, read aloud by three people in a dimly lighted room, leaves an unforgettable impression.

In *What Price Glory?* Kiper meditates: If there is a God, why doesn't he win the war for one side or the other and get the mess over with? And as for that prayer stuff! His folks at home praying: "O God, don't kill our child. Kill every kid in the neighborhood but bring the one marked 'Kiper' safe back home!" How much praying of this type was carried on during the war?

In the Bibliography, Part III, will be found listed additional plays and also suggestions for individual reports which will greatly enrich the discussion.[1] If the group can be led to feel the obvious futility of war and the horror which follows in its wake, combining the emotional reaction with intelligent consideration, they will have a sound basis on which to build their attitudes and conduct.

Culminating the Study[1]

There are various activities in which the group may engage, both as a part of the school activity and as a part of a project at home. In addition to reading, studying, and in some cases producing plays, they will wish to patronize such plays and pictures as appear from time to time, truly depicting war. In addition they may get in touch with

[1] A study of Ernest Meyer's stimulating war diary, *Hey! Yellowbacks!* is strongly urged. See page 158.

the growing number of peace organizations which are dispensing splendid materials relative to our international relations. These organizations are at work as men have never been before in attempting to build a world in which war will be impossible.

Several of the denominations have their peace organizations. There is the Commission on International Relations of the National Council of the Congregational Churches, located at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City. The Methodists have their World Peace Commission, located at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City. In addition there are two unfailing sources of information: the Commission on International Justice and Goodwill of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, located at 105 East 22d Street, New York City, of which Dr. Sidney L. Gulick is the chairman; and the National Council for the Prevention of War, 532 17th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., of which Mrs. Florence Brewer Boeckel is the educational secretary. Keep in touch with these organizations for such up-to-the-minute material as they are constantly bringing out.

All over this country, and in other lands, young people are coming together to study and prepare for the time of their leadership in international affairs. In colleges and churches young people are asking, What can we do to bring about better relations among peoples of the earth? What shall be our attitude when national leaders once more begin to declare war as the only way to peace?

If this study of plays and other materials has done nothing more than stab us awake to the truth about war, it may not have been in vain.

CHAPTER IV

THE PROBLEM OF CITIZENSHIP (PRISON REFORM)

THE CRIMINAL CODE[1]

By Martin Flavin

The Criminal Code is a play consisting of a Prologue and three acts, divided into thirteen scenes. The Prologue introduces the play. Robert Graham, a timid, innocent country boy, comes to the city to work. Feeling especially lonely on his first birthday away from home, he falls in with evil companions, becomes involved in a roadhouse brawl, and, thinking that he is acting in self-defense, accidentally kills a man. He is found guilty of manslaughter and is sentenced for ten years. Brady, the State's attorney, inwardly sympathetic but bound to his duty as the law prescribes it, says: "The old Mosaic law, an eye for an eye. That's the basis and foundation of our criminal code—somebody's got to pay."

After six years of imprisonment and grind in the jute mill, the boy is examined by the prison doctor. Nothing is wrong with him physically, but the doctor diagnoses his case as neurotic, due to breaking of morale, mechanistic occupation, sex starvation—ailments not to be discovered by the stethoscope.

[1] Cut and included through the kind permission of the author and publishers, Horace Liveright. Copyrighted, 1929, by Martin Flavin.

Then MacManus, the secretary of the Prison Commission, comes to visit the prison. MacManus is a "burly, overfat, coarse man, with a broad flat face, a boisterous voice, and the manner of a ward politician." With him is Brady, the new warden. The scene is the jute mill. There is a terrific din and clatter of machinery. Convicts are carrying bales and stacking them against the bridge.

MACMANUS (*As he ascends the stairs, his words inaudible in the terrific clamor*): Long walk around this dump, Mart—twenty-seven acres inside the walls—Mind now, don't stub your toe! (*He comes into view, with* BRADY *at his heels and* GLEASON *and* SIMPKINS *respectfully in the background.*) There—take a slant at that! Some factory, eh?

(*A factory whistle blows, and the machinery stops.*)

Five thousand bales per day!

BRADY: Yeah?

MACMANUS: Why not?—There's two thousand five hundred men in here, eh, Captain?

GLEASON: Two thousand five hundred and fifty-eight.

MACMANUS: Speed 'em up! Speed 'em up! Make the crooks earn their keep—That's what I say. (*He laughs.*)

BRADY (*Thoughtfully*): Pretty tough, eh?

(FALES *comes in, carrying a bale of jute; he is a tall, slender man, forty perhaps, but gray, with a lean, crafty face. A small mustache adorns his lip, and he wears his prison garb with, almost, a jaunty air. He slaps the dust out of his shirt, and sits down, comfortably, upon the jute.*)

MACMANUS: Tough? They like it, Mart—Gives 'em something to do, something to think about. Eh, Captain?

GLEASON: That's right, Mr. MacManus.

BRADY (*Vaguely*): Yeah. (*He gazes about.*)

MACMANUS (*Noticing* FALES, *and pointing at him*): See that bird, Mart?

BRADY: Yeah.

MACMANUS: Know who he is?

BRADY: No.

MACMANUS (*Impressively*): That's Jim Fales.

BRADY: Yeah? (*He looks at the man with interest.*)

MACMANUS: Yegg man, train robber. God knows what. Sharp as a trap, and slippery as an eel. One of the worst we've got, eh, Captain?

GLEASON: That's right, Mr. MacManus.

MACMANUS: He's doing twenty years this time. Take care of him—It takes two cards to hold his record, Mart.

BRADY: Yeah?

MACMANUS: Well—better be going, eh? (*He glances at his watch.*) You want to see 'em eat their supper, Mart. It's quite a sight, I tell you. (*He turns away and, followed by the others, descends the stairs.*) They get their feed at half-past three. Have to have 'em under lock and key a little after four. The dark comes so fast these winter days, you can't take any chances, Mart. It's quite a sight to see 'em eat. Yeah, you bet.

(*Their voices fade away as they disappear from sight.* GRAHAM *comes in carrying a bale of jute. He puts it down on the pile; and wearily sinks down beside* FALES.)

FALES: What did the Doc say, kid?

GRAHAM: Nothing. (*His voice is listless, empty; his eyes dull; his body sagging. The spirit within him is close to the breaking-point.*)

FALES (*Studying him sharply*): Don't let these guys get your goat now, Bob. You've done the long end of your stretch, and you're just a kid. You've got a life ahead of you. Pull yourself together. If you smash up now, you're gone.

GRAHAM: I know. (*He buries his face in his hands.*) But I can't—I can't go on!

FALES: Sure you can. You've got to grit your teeth, and stick it out. (*He studies him for a long moment, with troubled eyes, cheerfully seeking to divert the boy.*) Did I ever tell you the story of Sam Price? (*No answer.*) The gamest little cuss I ever knew . . . . Well, this was years ago, when I was doing my first jolt—upstate. (*He lights his cigarette and leans back comfortably.*) They caught Sam in a break and tried to make him squeal—turn up his pals. But Sam was game. He wouldn't say a word. And then they threw him in the dungeon. (GRAHAM *begins to raise his head.*) Six feet of concrete all around him. Bread and water once a day, and every seventh day a bucket meal—cold slop you wouldn't feed a dog. No light, no sound—nothing!

GRAHAM: God!

FALES: A dozen times a day the Captain would come down there with a guard and try to pry it out of him. They used up all the stunts they knew, and they knew plenty, Bob. (GRAHAM *is intent upon the story.*) Well, Sam had friends, and they knew what was going on down there.

So some one sneaked a knife, and some one else managed to plant it in the bucket with Sam's food. There was, of course, just one chance in a hundred that it might get by—He won that bet—He got it—

GRAHAM (*Tensely*): Yes?

FALES: That night the Captain comes around to stage a little extra torture. They open up the door, and find Sam stretched out on the floor, apparently all in—unconscious. The Captain sends the guard to fetch the doctor.

GRAHAM: Yes?

FALES: And then . . .

(*The descending Wall interrupts his speech.*)

The next scene suggests the mess hall. Long narrow tables are at each side and in the center a serving table, piled high with cups and chunks of bread.

(*Behind the table, at the left, and facing to the front, are seated in this order:* GRAHAM, FALES, RUNCH (*a small, wiry, ferret-faced man of uncertain age*), *and a Negro. At the table on the opposite side are seated four other convicts. They are eating and chatting among themselves; all save* GRAHAM, *who sits stolidly, with his elbows on the table, and his chin cupped in his hands. There is the buzz and drone of many voices—four thousand men, stretched out into the vague space beyond the footlights; rattle of plates and spoons and cups, and scraping of feet and benches on the concrete floor.*)

The Warden's party mount the steps beyond the

bridge, MACMANUS *chatting inaudibly against the din.*

MACMANUS: This building's pretty new—cost close to a million to complete. Would have cost a couple, if we hadn't had the labor here for nothing. They did it, all themselves. Like making a guy dig his own grave. Eh, Mart?

(*He appears upon the bridge,* BRADY *at his side;* SIMPKINS *and* GLEASON *close behind. A convict glances up, a second, and a third, look furtively over their shoulders; they nudge each other. The noise subsides.*)

MACMANUS (*Becoming audible*): Now there's a dinner party for you—looks like a banquet up in town, but no after-dinner speeches, Mart. That's something, eh?

BRADY: Yeah.

(*The voices have dwindled now to a faint muttering sound, which continues throughout the scene.*) Quite a sight, Mart. Four thousand men in here, eh, Gleason?

GLEASON: Four thousand and seventy-nine, Mr. MacManus.

BRADY: Yeah?

MACMANUS: We got it down to twenty-three cents a day per head. That right, Captain?

GLEASON: Twenty-three and a half, sir.

MACMANUS: Some system, Mart! They can't feed the bears in the park for that.

BRADY: What are they eating?

MACMANUS: Spaghetti, coffee, bread—all the bread they want. No man goes out of here hungry.

BRADY: What've they got in those little bags?

MACMANUS: Sugar. They get it once a week.

And they gamble with it too. Sugar and tobacco, that's their wampum, Mart. (*He laughs.*)

BRADY (*Half to himself*): Tough! Pretty tough!

MACMANUS: Tough? Don't kid yourself, Mart. It's better grub than most of them ever had. Good, wholesome food, plenty of vitamins and calories and all that stuff. I never see none of 'em losing any weight in here, eh, Captain?

GLEASON: That's right, Mr. MacManus.

BRADY: Yeah?

MACMANUS: See Jim Fales sitting over there?

BRADY: Yeah.

MACMANUS: Notice the bird the other side of him. He's an ex-hophead, name of Runch. Just an ordinary dip. But if you ever want an earful out of him, Mart, give him a shot of coke, and he'll go to hell for the second.

BRADY: Yeah?

MACMANUS (*Chuckling*): There's a group for you: Runch, a hophead; Jim Fales, professional crook; that big buck nigger, just a plain moron; and that kid on the end—I don't know him—

BRADY: Just a bad break, maybe.

MACMANUS: Yeah, but there they are: Moron, hophead, professional crook, and—

BRADY: The whole history of a prison.

MACMANUS: Yeah, that's right, Mart; you said it. Well—(*He glances at his watch.*)

—better be getting on, eh? I want you to see the lockup. To me that's the greatest show of all.

(*He moves toward the steps and down,* BRADY *at his side,* SIMPKINS *and* GLEASON *following, as they did before.*)

Four thousand men and one hundred and twenty-three guards. That right, Gleason?

GLEASON: One hundred and twenty-five, Mr. MacManus.

MACMANUS: That takes system, Mart. Just a machine, the whole thing, one big machine. (*Their voices fade away.*)

FALES (*Calling softly to a youthful convict, who is passing back and forth, with a bucket full of coffee*): Here, boy, a little more Java, please.

BOY: You betcha, Jim. (*He fills* FALES'S *cup with a dipper.*)

RUNCH (*In a whining voice*): Stinkin' mud.

BOY (*To* GRAHAM): You want some more, Bob? (GRAHAM *shakes his head.*)

RUNCH: Gimme a little sugar, Jim.

FALES (*Softly; amiably*): Why, you old fool—(*He weighs the bag in his hand, considering*) Well—(*He pours a little sugar into* RUNCH'S *cup*) That's seven you owe me.

RUNCH: Thanks, Jim. I'll win it back. (*Spooning the contents of his plate.*) Slop! Slop!—I'd sell my soul for a plate of ham and eggs.

FALES (*In another voice; cuttingly sharp and dangerous*): Cut that out, you damn fool!—Cut it out!

(RUNCH *bends over his plate, muttering.* FALES *turns quickly to* GRAHAM, *who has not moved; cheerfully.*)

How they coming, kid? (*He looks down at the untouched plate.*) Say, what's the big idea? You've got to eat, Bob. You know you've got to eat.

GRAHAM: I can't, Jim—I can't!

FALES: Of course you can. Don't let it get your goat, kid. That's the end of everything—Come on now, be a sport! Clean up that plate!

GRAHAM: I can't. (*His fists clench; and his voice is shrill.*) I won't—by God, I can't! (*He buries his face in his hands.*)

A CONVICT (*From the table on the other side*): What's got into that guy?

ANOTHER CONVICT: Sick of the slop, I guess.

FALES: Hum . . . (*A pause; gently; persuasively.*) Did I ever tell you about the time I went to Buenos Aires, Bob? (*No answer.*) You know my pal, Ned Galloway, the warden's butler? (GRAHAM *nods.*) There's a white man, Bob; the whitest man I've ever known, and one of the smartest. He's even fooled these bulls in here. They think they've got his record, but they don't know half of it.

GRAHAM (*Puts down his hands*): He had a job as steward on an ocean liner. That was the way he worked, that sort of thing. And—God!—but, he was good at it. Well, he wanted me to make this trip to Buenos Aires, and so . . .

(*The descending Wall interrupts his speech.*)

* * * * * * * *

Alone in their cell Fales tells Graham that he and three other men are planning to make a break for freedom. Graham listens, breathlessly. The next scene takes place in the warden's office, a bare, unattractive room, brightened now by the presence of two women.

(*The elder,* MISS ELLEN BRADY, *is the Warden's sister, of middle age, a bit carping in speech and*

manner, decently and sedately dressed. She sits primly on a chair near the desk. Her face is clouded. The younger woman is MARY BRADY, *the warden's daughter, a girl of twenty-five, slender, not perhaps pretty, but good to look at, with black hair and keen, blue eyes suggestive of her father's. She stands by the window, looking out into the prison yard.*)

MISS BRADY (*Plaintively*): This is no sort of place for your father, Mary. He'll not be happy here. (*She sighs.*) A man who should be sitting in the governor's mansion. (*The warden's clerk comes in, with catlike tread, from the alcove; a gray-clad man. He pauses just within the room and clears his throat.*) Oh! (*A faint, Victorian squeak.*)

THE CLERK (*Without a trace of feeling*): I beg your pardon, madam. (*He shrugs his shoulders slightly, and turns to the girl, who is regarding him frankly, curiously.*) I am the warden's clerk. I am looking for the warden.

MARY (*A clear, frank voice*): He has gone out—out there. (*She points through the window.*)

THE CLERK: Thank you. (*He turns on his heel, and goes back into the alcove.*)

MISS BRADY: Oh! He gave me such a start—I shall never get used to this—never!

(*Simpkins comes in from the stairs. He seems rather to loiter than to come—a little vague, a little sheepish.*)

SIMPKINS: Er—excuse me—I thought, perhaps, I might be of some—er—service to you, ladies.

MISS BRADY: Oh, yes, please! We feel so utterly lost here, Mr. Simpkins—in—in prison. (MARY

looks at SIMPKINS *appraisingly, and looks away again.*)

SIMPKINS (*Vaguely*): Yes. Well—we're in the wall, you see. The main entrance is below this room, reached by those stairs. It is a sort of vestibule, with great barred gates on either side. The turnkey's office opens into it. . . . That corridor leads to your apartments.

MISS BRADY (*Nervously*): But do you think it is quite safe?

SIMPKINS: Oh, yes! Quite safe—quite. (*He wanders to the window,* MISS BRADY *following.*) That is the main court of the prison.

MISS BRADY: Oh, what a lovely garden! Such exquisite flowers! Do they appreciate it?

SIMPKINS (*Without conviction*): Oh, yes!—Yes; I think they do.

MISS BRADY: Do you find them penitent, Mr. Simpkins?

SIMPKINS: Oh, yes!—Well—(*He hesitates, and sighs.*) Er—not as penitent as we might hope.

MISS BRADY: I should think the consolation of religion would be a great blessing to them.

SIMPKINS (*Very lamely*): Er—yes—one would think so. (*He points.*) That large building on the right is the new cell block. On the left, the hospital and Doctor Rinewulf's laboratory. Beyond it is the mess hall.

MARY: Where are the dungeons?

SIMPKINS: Dungeons?—Oh, yes! (*He seems uncomfortable, and particularly sheepish*): Well—er—they are behind the hospital, or beneath it, really. They are below the level of the ground.

Yes, er—In the distance is the smokestack of the jute mill.

MISS BRADY: But they do escape sometimes?

SIMPKINS: Yes—er, sometimes. Not often. You will notice the towers on the wall. They contain machine guns, and searchlights which can flood the prison yard.

(RINEWULF *comes in; crosses briskly to the alcove, looking neither to the right nor left.*)

MISS BRADY: Yes, but if they do escape?

SIMPKINS: Yes—er—in that case—That pent-house on the roof contains a siren. If a prisoner escapes, it shrieks a warning to the countryside.

MISS BRADY: Oh!

RINEWULF (*Sharply to the warden's clerk*): Bring me the card for two-three-four-nine-nine. (SIMPKINS *starts, and looks around.*)

SIMPKINS: Have you met the warden's family, Doctor?

RINEWULF: I have not the pleasure.

SIMPKINS: Miss Brady, the warden's sister. (RINEWULF *bows stiffly.*) His daughter . . . Doctor Rinewulf is quite a celebrated character.

MISS BRADY: Oh, yes, I've heard of the remarkable things that he has done! (*Engagingly to* RINEWULF) But I am surprised that you should hide your candle in a prison, Doctor.

RINEWULF: My patients keep their appointments, and they pay their bills. That is more than they do outside.

(*The* CLERK *comes into the room, a record card in his hand.*)

Well?

CLERK: The name is Graham, Robert.

RINEWULF: For what?
CLERK: Manslaughter.
RINEWULF: How long?
CLERK: Ten years.
RINEWULF: His record?
CLERK: Jute mill. No punishments.
RINEWULF: Give it to me.

(*He takes the card from the* CLERK'S *hand.* MACMANUS'S *boisterous voice outside. He comes into the room,* BRADY *and* GLEASON *following.* RINEWULF *slips the card into his pocket. His back stiffens.* MACMANUS'S *voice has that effect on him.* BRADY *goes back, and stands there, looking through the window.* SIMPKINS *will presently fade decently and sheepishly away.*)

MACMANUS: (*As he enters*): And the children all put to bed for the night. That's a load off your mind in a home or a prison. You know where they are, Mart, each and every one of them. (*He laughs loudly.*) Well, well, Miss Brady, and how are you now? (*He shakes her hand.*) And Mary, my dear. (*He touches her cheek playfully with his finger.*)

MISS BRADY (*With lugubrious conviction*): I shall never get accustomed to this, Mr. MacManus.

MACMANUS (*Humorously*): Now, now, don't say that, Miss Brady! You have the finest stone house in the State to live in. The walls are eight feet thick. Think of that! (MISS BRADY *sighs and shakes her head.*) And service! Henry Ford, with all his millions, has nothing like it. Your cook was first chef in a big hotel. Ten thousand dollars a year he got. Think of that!

MISS BRADY (*Faintly*): What did he do?

MACMANUS: Poisoned his wife, that's all.

MISS BRADY (*Gasping*): Great conscience!

MACMANUS: Your butler was the second steward on an ocean liner, and you've not to tip him a cent. He wouldn't take it. Your house-boy was porter on a Pullman car. He knows everything but how to make a bed! Your chauffeur was—was—What was he, Gleason?

GLEASON: An aviator in the war, Mr. MacManus.

MACMANUS: Think of that! Pity we haven't a flying machine.

GLEASON: He's going out in a few days now.

MACMANUS: Well, that's too bad. You'll have to pick another chauffeur, Mart.

MISS BRADY: What did he do?

MACMANUS: Murder or manslaughter.

MISS BRADY: Oh!

MACMANUS: Now, don't you worry about that! A thief is always a thief, but a murderer is a murderer only once. They're the safest people in the world! Am I right, Captain?

GLEASON: That's right, Mr. MacManus.

MACMANUS: Pick a murderer, Mart, and you'll have no trouble.

MISS BRADY (*Shuddering*): It's too—horrible.

MACMANUS: Nonsense!—Wait till you see the antique furniture we've got! (*He glances at his watch.*) Come now, I'll show it you, myself—stuff that's been standing here for sixty years. (*He leads the way.*) That's all, Gleason.—Come on, Mart.

(GLEASON *goes out.* MISS BRADY *and* MARY *follow* MACMANUS.)

MISS BRADY (*Sighing*): Well, I don't know—

MARY (*Pausing at the door*): Father!

BRADY: Eh?—Oh, yes! (*She goes out. He turns to follow her.*)

RINEWULF: If you can spare a moment, Warden?

BRADY: Yeah—sure!

RINEWULF: I wish to speak with you about a prisoner.

BRADY: Yeah? (*He sits down beside the desk.*)

RINEWULF: A man in the jute mill, a boy in fact, who is—breaking down.

BRADY: Yeah?—How do you mean, Doctor?

RINEWULF: I mean—morale.

BRADY: Yeah?—Why?

RINEWULF: Why? . . . Who can tell? . . . Sometimes I think that sex starvation is the root of all of it, and sometimes—(*A pause. Abruptly; eagerly*) But I have seen this boy, his character, I mean—only for an instant, it is true, but I have seen it, and—and— (*He hesitates.*)

BRADY: Yeah?

RINEWULF: I should like to try an experiment.

BRADY: What?

RINEWULF: A change of occupation and—environment. (*He takes the card from his pocket, and hands it to Brady.*)

BRADY: Yeah? (*He looks at the card.*) Graham—Robert Graham—hum—the name is familiar. (*He reflects for a moment.*) But I don't place him. (*He puts the card down on the desk.*) What do you want me to do, Doctor?

RINEWULF: I would like to have you see the boy yourself.

BRADY: Yeah? (*He nods.*) All right.

RINEWULF: Thank you. Thank you very much. I will have him brought here. Thank you. (*He goes out,* MACMANUS *bustles in.*)

MACMANUS: A word with you, Mart, before I go. (*He pulls a chair close to the desk, and seats himself.*) You won't mind a bit of advice from an old friend?

BRADY: No.

MACMANUS: I know there isn't much about crooks I could be telling you.

BRADY: No. (*It is almost a sigh.*)

MACMANUS: The greatest State's attorney the old town ever had—the greatest number of convictions to your credit.

BRADY: Yeah. (*He takes a cigar from a box on the desk and lights it.*)

MACMANUS: You're a big man, Mart—much too big a man for this job. It's only a temporary thing, I know.

BRADY: I'm nearly sixty, Mac.

MACMANUS: Yeah?—Well, you'd ought to be governor of this State right now, by every law of God and man. You got a dirty deal, Mart; that's what you got.

BRADY: That's the way things break sometimes. . . . I'm not kicking. . . . You've got to play the cards the way they fall.

MACMANUS: You've got a big heart, Mart. You've been too square with everyone.

BRADY: I've always played the game according to the rules. . . . I'll finish up that way.

MACMANUS: Well, Mart, I only want to say— (*He hesitates.*)

BRADY: Yeah?

MACMANUS: They've shelved you for a while. It won't be long. You'll be back in the ring. But—(*He hesitates again*)—Well, don't let anything go wrong in here. Don't let 'em get anything on you, Mart.

BRADY: Yeah. (*He nods.*)

MACMANUS: Brush a nettle with your hand—it stings like hell! Grip it firmly—you can pull it up! A prison is like that.

BRADY: Yeah.

MACMANUS: These birds, you know—some of 'em look all right, and talk all right, but they can't think straight. They've got kinks in their brains.

BRADY: Yeah, I know.

MACMANUS: Don't let 'em kid you, Mart.

(BRADY *nods.*)

It's tough. Sure it's tough. I've got a heart myself—But, what are you going to do, Mart? . . .

BRADY: Yeah. (*He moistens the wrapper of his cigar.*)

MACMANUS: There's only one way you can run a prison—heels on their necks. (BRADY *nods.*) Pay no attention to Rinewulf, Mart. He's a good doctor, but he's a nut—full of theories about this and that—sex starvation, and God knows what!—Always wanting to experiment with something. Discount everything he says. He's just a bug.

BRADY: Yeah?

MACMANUS: Gleason is your best bet—level-headed, cold as ice; and he knows the game from A to Z. Eternal vigilance—that's the ticket. Don't let 'em pull no monkey tricks.

BRADY: Yeah.

MACMANUS: A jail break or a killing, Mart—you know what that'd mean. (BRADY *nods.*) The newspapers'd howl their heads off. They're laying for you, Mart, and waiting for a chance—and hoping that they get it!

BRADY: Yeah, I know.

MACMANUS (*Glancing at his watch*): Well, I've got to beat it, or I'll miss my train. (*Both men stand up.*) Good-by, and good luck, Mart. (*They shake hands.*)

BRADY: Thanks, Mac.

MACMANUS (*From the door*): You've got a man to hang next Thursday. I'll be down again for that. We'll check up the parole list then. So long. (*He plunges down the stairs.*)

BRADY: So long. (*He sighs; walks slowly to the window, and stares down into the yard. A few moments pass.* GRAHAM *comes with slow and dragging footsteps into the room, and halts midway to the desk. His vacant eyes stare straight before him, his shoulders sag, his step is noiseless.* GLEASON *appears behind him in the door.*)

GLEASON: Number two-three-four-nine-nine, Warden.

BRADY: Yeah? (*He starts and turns.*)

GLEASON: Doctor Rinewulf said you wanted him brought here.

BRADY: Yeah, that's right. (*He seems uncertain what to do or say, and then goes slowly to the desk, seats himself, picks up the card and turns it in his hands.*) Yeah—Yeah—Your name is Robert Graham? (*A pause. The boy shifts his feet, but makes no answer.*)

Did—did they ever call you Bob? (*A pause.*)

GLEASON (*In an ugly voice*): D'you hear the warden talking to you?

(*He takes a step forward,* BRADY *checks him with a gesture.*) (RINEWULF *comes in and goes quickly to the desk.*)

BRADY (*In a kindly, reassuring tone*): Well, Bob, I don't know what you're here for. These cards don't tell much of a story, but—(*He hesitates, turning the card in his hand.*)

GLEASON: It's the Parker case, Mr. Brady.

BRADY: Parker?

GLEASON: Yes, sir—young Parker that was killed six years ago.

BRADY: Yeah?—Oh! (*He starts and looks sharply at the boy. Memory floods back.*) Yeah—Oh, yeah! Yeah, I remember—now. Well, well. . . .

(*He stares at the card, and the furrows in his brow are deep.* MARY *comes into the room, and pauses just inside the door. She is facing* GRAHAM *across the room, and she looks straight at him into the blankness of his eyes, curiously and unafraid. He starts, catches his breath, his body stiffens, his head comes up, and his drooping shoulders straighten up and back.* RINEWULF *is missing nothing.* BRADY'S *eyes are on the card. A little friendly smile touches the girl's lips.*)

MARY: We're having tea, father.

BRADY (*Only now aware of her presence*): Eh?—Tea? (*He chuckles.*) Say, we're getting pretty stylish, aren't we, Mary? (*She laughs.*) All right, run along—I'll be there in a minute. (*She turns, and leaves the room. He looks back at the card.*)

Change of occupation and environment . . . Hum! . . .

(*The descending Wall interrupts his speech.*)

ACT II

Act II opens in the warden's living-room, a gray, cheerless room, sparsely furnished. The effect is bleak and somber. MISS BRADY is dozing in a chair behind the table. GALLOWAY, a tall, stooped, raw-boned, powerful-looking man of middle age, wearing a white coat over his convict shirt, comes in noiselessly through the service door. He has a tea-tray in his hand. He advances to the table, stands there for a moment, then coughs discreetly to attract attention.

MISS BRADY (*Starting*): What?—Oh! (*Irritably*) Oh, it's you!—I wish you wouldn't wake me up like that. It startles me. I really wish you wouldn't.

GALLOWAY (*He may be smiling behind his vacant eyes*): Sorry, madam.

MISS BRADY: You may take the things away.

GALLOWAY: Thank you. (*He clears the table deftly, and goes quickly, softly out.* MARY *comes in from the right. She has a suitcase in her hand. She puts it down beside the couch, and crosses to the table.*)

MISS BRADY: I don't like that man.

MARY (*Smiling*): He's a very good servant.

MISS BRADY: No matter. I don't like him. I don't like any of them. I'd rather do my own work in two rooms than to live in such a place as this.

MARY: Nonsense!

MISS BRADY: I can't abide them. You never hear them coming; you never see them coming. You look up, and there they are. Ugh! (*She shivers*) I'm sure we shall all be murdered in our beds some night.

MARY: You don't adapt yourself.

MISS BRADY: I don't adapt myself to living in a prison. Why should I? (*Plaintively*) And now you're going away and I shall be left here alone with them. I don't see how I can endure it. I simply don't.

MARY: It won't be for long.

MISS BRADY (*Rising*): Well, I hope not. Dear me, I can't imagine why I feel so drowsy! (*She yawns and taps her lips.*) It must be something that I had for lunch. Are you packed?—Ready?

MARY: All but my hat.

MISS BRADY: Yes . . . Well—(*She sighs again.*) I want to write a note for you to take to Jenny. (*She goes out.* MARY *rises and crosses to the couch. In a moment* RINEWULF *comes in from the corridor.*)

RINEWULF: Excuse me.

MARY: Yes?— Oh, Doctor Rinewulf!— Come in.

RINEWULF: Your father tells me you are going away.

MARY: Just for a week or ten days.

RINEWULF: Yes? (*He looks at her so keenly that she moves uneasily, and averts her eyes.*) You are not happy here, perhaps?

MARY: Oh, yes!

RINEWULF: You do not feel or see the aura of the prison?— A great fantastic cloud shape hovering

above and pressing down, the concentrated reek of human misery.

MARY: No. (*But she shivers in spite of herself.*)

RINEWULF: Nor I. (*He laughs.*)

MARY: Won't you sit down?

RINEWULF: Thank you. (*But he continues to stand.*) I came only to say good-by. (*A pause.*) I am sorry that you are going, even for so short a time. The miracle you have performed in six short months—

MARY: Miracle?

RINEWULF: The reconstruction of a man.

MARY: I don't think I understand you.

RINEWULF: I mean the man who drives your father's car.

MARY: Oh! (*She catches her breath very slightly, not slightly enough to avoid his notice.*) What have I to do with that?

RINEWULF: I don't know. (*He shrugs his shoulders.*) A curious phenomenon. The raising of Lazarus from the dead was not more curious. It has been very interesting to me. The prison takes six years to break a man, and—and something mends him in six months.

MARY: And is he mended, do you think?

RINEWULF: Can you not see that in his eyes? (*A pause.*) For my own records I have taken the trouble to investigate his history and—his crime. (*He takes from his pocket a large envelope.*) It has taken some time to collect the data, but it is all here, now.

MARY: Yes?

RINEWULF: It was not a crime at all. It was an

accident. (*She catches her breath again.*) I thought perhaps you might care to see the file.

MARY: Yes—Yes, I would.

RINEWULF: (*Handing her the envelope.*) You will return it to me?

MARY: Yes.

RINEWULF: Your father was State's attorney at the time. He can no doubt confirm or supplement the facts.

MARY (*In quick defense*): My father is a just man, a kind man—the kindest man I've ever known. If you mean—

RINEWULF (*Raising his hand*): Nothing. You quite misunderstand me. The integrity of our criminal code was not violated in this case.

MARY (*Doubtfully*): Oh!

RINEWULF: You do not understand me at all, I think. I am a scientist. I am interested only in causes and—effects. (*He holds out his hand abruptly.*) Good-by; I wish you a pleasant journey.

MARY (*Touching his hand*): Thank you.

(GRAHAM *comes in from the corridor. His step has the spring of youth in it, his shoulders are square, his head high. His hair is neatly combed, and there is a sparkle in his eye. His prison uniform is new and decently fitted. He stops abruptly at sight of the doctor.*)

GRAHAM (*Diffidently*): I came to get the bag.

MARY: Yes—I must get my hat. Good-by, Doctor. (*She nods to him, and goes out.* RINEWULF *turns and stares at* GRAHAM *critically from head to foot.*)

RINEWULF: Well, how are you, eh?

GRAHAM: (*Uneasily*): Very well.
RINEWULF: You eat and sleep?
GRAHAM: Yes.
RINEWULF: And dream?
GRAHAM: No.
RINEWULF: Humph! (*He goes out.* GALLOWAY *comes in softly, looks warily about and crosses to* GRAHAM.)
GALLOWAY: How they coming, kid? (*He speaks out of the corner of his mouth, and his eyes are keen and watchful.*)
GRAHAM: All right, Ned.
GALLOWAY: Pretty soft now, eh?
GRAHAM: Better.
GALLOWAY: Yeah?— Don't let these guys fool you, kid, just because you're sitting on a cushion now. They'd gaff you just that quick. (*He snaps his finger.*) Your friends are still inside.
GRAHAM: Yes, I know that, Ned.
GALLOWAY: Yeah— Well don't forget.
GRAHAM: I won't.
GALLOWAY (*Looking about cautiously, and lowering his voice*): D'you know what they did with Fales and Trask and Grimes?
GRAHAM: No.
GALLOWAY: Solitary for eight months. That's what they got.
GRAHAM: God!
GALLOWAY: Somebody's got to pay for that.
GRAHAM: Yes.
GALLOWAY: Jim thinks a lot of you. That's why I'm tipping you to—watch your step.
GRAHAM: I don't know what you mean.
GALLOWAY: You don't?— You're pretty dumb.

(*A pause.*) Somebody'll get that damn squealer.

GRAHAM: Runch?

GALLOWAY: Who else?— There aren't walls thick enough, nor guards enough to save his life.

GRAHAM: He didn't know what he was saying, Ned. They gave him coke, and then they held it out in front of him until he screamed and begged. It took three men to hold him, Ned. I saw it my own self.

GALLOWAY: I know, I know; but that don't let him out. Tough luck for him, maybe, but what about Jim Fales?— No, no, he can't get by with that. He squealed, turned up his pals. He's got to pay for that.

GRAHAM: But—how?

GALLOWAY: How should I know? I'm only tipping you there's something in the wind, so watch your step, unless you want to get into a jam.

GRAHAM: I don't. I don't. But what? How?

GALLOWAY: Keep clear of him and—there. (*He points to the corridor.*)

GRAHAM: Yes. Yes, I will. (*He takes a deep breath.*) Thanks, Ned.

GALLOWAY (*Sharply*): Pst— (*He turns to the table, picks up the cloth and begins to fold it.* MARY *comes into the room.* GALLOWAY *pauses, in the act of leaving the room, to look from one to the other of them.*)

MARY: Will you put these in my bag? (*She holds out two envelopes.*)

GRAHAM (*Eagerly*): Yes.

(*There is such obvious, doglike worship and devotion in his eyes that she looks away. He takes*

the envelopes and drops to his knees beside the bag. Awkwardly, diffidently.)

Will—Will you be gone—long?

MARY: Only a few days.

GRAHAM: Oh!

MARY: Is there anything I can do for you?

GRAHAM (*He thinks for a moment*): No, thank you.

MARY: Any one you'd like to have me see?

GRAHAM (*Simply*): There isn't anybody now. My mother died three years ago.

MARY: Oh!— I didn't know.

GRAHAM: She used to come to see me every month until she died. It—it kept my courage up. Something to look forward to, you see. Afterward I began to slip, I guess. It's awfully hard to make yourself believe that it's worth while—to try. And that's what you've got to do—or break.

MARY: Yes.

GRAHAM: They all think they've had a rotten deal. That's all you hear. Bad luck, tough breaks; that's all they talk about. It gets under your skin in time, and fills you up with bitterness and hate. That's all there is in here.

MARY: And are you—bitter?

GRAHAM: No, not now. (*He shakes his head.*) I was. But I seem to see more clearly—now.

MARY: What?

GRAHAM: I don't think I can put it into words. But, well, you see they've got laws in here just like they have outside. Somebody's got to pay. That's at the bottom of it all—and—well, I guess we've got to make the most of it. It may be wrong, but—I guess it's all there is.

MARY (*Nodding gravely*): I see.

GRAHAM: Most everybody's trying to do what seems to them right. Inside and out, I mean. They just think differently, that's all.

MARY: Yes. (*A pause.*) My father is trying to get you a parole.

GRAHAM: Yes, I know. It doesn't matter so much to me, now.

MARY: Why do you say that?

GRAHAM: I—I mean if you stay here.

MARY: You don't mean that.

GRAHAM (*Doggedly*): Yes—Yes, I do. It isn't like it was before at all. If I can see you every day—just see you! And when they lock me up at night there's something to think about—to—to wait for till to-morrow—I—well— (*A pause.*)

MARY: What will you do when you are free again?

GRAHAM: I don't know. I've thought about it a lot, too. (*Anxiously.*) Don't you think it will make a difference to people?

MARY: What?

GRAHAM: That I have been in prison.

MARY: It shouldn't.

GRAHAM (*With simple eagerness*): No, it shouldn't, should it? When a thing is paid for, that should end it, but— (*He shakes his head.*) —they don't think that in here. They say it does. They say that's why so many who go out, come back. (*A pause. He searches her face.*) Would—would it make a difference to you?

MARY (*Evenly*): I don't think so.

GRAHAM (*A little breathless*): Oh!

(MISS BRADY *comes into the room. She has a bit of sewing in her hand.*)

MISS BRADY: Haven't you gone yet? Whatever are you thinking of? You'll miss the train, Mary.

MARY: I'm going now. Good-by. (*And she hurries out into the corridor.* GRAHAM *picks up the bag and follows her.*)

MISS BRADY (*Communing with herself*): Well, I don't know, I'm sure—

(*She sighs and sits down on the sofa. And she sews a stitch or two, then pauses to yawn and tap her lips as if quite overcome with drowsiness, then rubs her eyes and sews again.* GALLOWAY'S *face appears in the doorway, and regards her steadily.*)

The Wall descends.

Fales makes a successful break, and Runch squeals on the ones who helped him. For the sake of his safety Brady has him employed in his office. A riot ensues out in the yard, and under cover of the confusion Galloway, one of the conspirators, kills Runch. Then he entreats Graham to leave the room lest he be suspected, but Graham has promised Brady to stay in his office. Brady discovers the killing, and all evidence points to Graham, who was last seen in the office before the riot. And because of the moral code within the prison Graham will not tell who is guilty. Brady pleads, remonstrates, threatens, but to no avail. "I can't forget so quickly what I've learned in here," Graham says, "I can't do that. I think it's right, their code, for them— I can't go back on them. I can't— I wouldn't be anything then, don't you see?— Not anything—I—I'd be like that thing in there," pointing to Runch. So Graham is sent into solitary

confinement, while Brady renews his determination to find out who is guilty, for the boy's sake. And Brady sinks down in his chair and speaks wildly to himself, "A week of bread and water in the dark—A week of bread and water in the dark! . . . The dark! The dark!" . . .

ACT III

Act III moves with relentless rapidity. Graham is suffering in the "cooler," where they threaten him a dozen times a day, kick him and cuff him and yell at him in an effort to get him to "squeal." Galloway "plants" a knife in his bucket of feed. In the meantime Brady is being persecuted for his slowness in discovering Runch's murderer. As a matter of fact, he is trying desperately to save Graham, whom he knows is innocent. Graham's parole lies on his table—if he will only tell! And Graham, day by day, becomes more broken. The spark worth saving seems completely gone. Mary pleads for him. She wants her father to set him free because it's right, even though it will finish his career. And then she is forced to confess that she loves him. That settles it for Brady. He'll set Graham free to-morrow, no matter what the consequences to him. He sends word to have Graham sent up to his office so that he can tell him the good news. But Graham, crazed by his treatment and thinking that they have only come to torture him afresh, kills the guard who has come to release him.

The final scene is in Brady's office.

Final Scene: The Office. *Brady* is seated behind his desk, a cigar gripped between his teeth. He is writing. *Mary* is sitting at the end of the desk. There is an old brown suit-case by the door which leads out to the stairs. Some moments pass. There is no sound save the scratch of *Brady's* pen. *Jerry* comes in from the stairs and pauses just inside the door.

BRADY (*Looking up*): Well?

JERRY: The car is at the gate, sir.

BRADY: Yeah. (*He reflects for a moment.*) Take that suit-case down and put it in the car and wait there.

JERRY: Yes, sir. (*He picks up the bag.*)

BRADY (*Hesitatingly*): I'm—turning a man out to-night—I'll send him down in a few minutes.—You will drive him to the station.

JERRY: Yes, sir.

BRADY: His clothes are in that bag.

JERRY: Yes, sir.

BRADY: That's all. (*He resumes his writing as* JERRY *leaves the room. Again some moments pass. The phone rings. He picks it up.*) Yeah?—Let him come up.—Yeah. (*The girl is watching him eagerly. He hangs up the receiver. Gently, reassuringly.*) Yeah—Yeah—

(*She catches her breath and fixes her eyes upon the door. He takes a bill from his pocket and slips it into an envelope which he has just addressed; then picks up from the desk a "pass out" slip which he has filled in; also the parole order. He folds the latter to convenient size, and sits there waiting, holding the three items in his hand. In a moment* GRAHAM *shuffles into the room. The girl starts*

to her feet and takes a step toward him. He stops abruptly, cringes back, and looks down at the floor.)

BRADY (*Kindly*): Come in, Bob.—Come in, my boy. (GRAHAM *shuffles a few steps toward the desk*): I'm sorry for—what's happened. I've done the best I could—for you—for everyone—Well—(*He stifles a sigh. The boy does not raise his head.*) Yeah—(*There is a doubtful, half-embarrassed air about him.*) Your parole has come. I'm going to send you out—to-night. (*The boy raises his head and stares at him dully. He goes on as if he were explaining to a child.*) Yeah, that's right, Bob.—I've got it here, you see—It only came this morning—And here's a pass to take you through the gate—My driver's waiting there. He'll take you to the station.—Your—your clothes are in the car. (*He pauses. The boy tries to speak but only shakes his head.*) Yeah—Sure—There's some money in this envelope. You go to the address that's on it, and just wait there until you hear from me.

GRAHAM (*Hoarsely*): No.

BRADY: Yeah. (*He nods.*) We'll beat them, Bob.—I don't know how, but we'll beat them—some way.

GRAHAM: No—It's too late.

BRADY (*Vaguely*): Too late?—No—I—I—I'll see you get a break. By God, I will!

GRAHAM (*Shaking his head*): No. No, you can't—not now.

BRADY (*Standing up*): What?—What do you mean? (*The boy drops his head.*) Why do you say that, eh?

(RINEWULF *comes into the room.*)

BRADY: Eh?—What is it, Doctor?

RINEWULF (*Advancing to the desk*): Gleason is dead—Stabbed in the back—Here is the knife. A shoemaker's knife, I think.

(*He drops it on the desk.*)

GRAHAM (*Dully*): I killed him.

MARY: Oh, God!

BRADY: Think what you're saying, boy!

GRAHAM (*His eyes upon the girl*): I killed him. I didn't know, you see—I thought he'd only come to torture me again. I couldn't stand it any more. I didn't have the strength. He's come so many times to coax and plead and threaten. And in the night he's waked me up to try to make me tell—I couldn't stand it any more—I was afraid I might give up.

MARY (*Moaning*): Oh, God! (*She covers her eyes with her hands and turns her head away.*)

GRAHAM (*To* BRADY *now, a note of defiance in his voice*): I killed him—I'm not sorry—No one has any right to make another being suffer as I did—in there.

BRADY (*His face contorted*): Yeah—Yeah—

MARY (*Desperately*): Father!

BRADY: I—I can't beat this, Mary—I can't. (*He spreads out his hands helplessly.*)

MARY: But—

(*The telephone upon the desk begins to ring and will ring intermittently until the end. She breaks off to stare at it; meets* RINEWULF'S *eyes across the desk.*)

RINEWULF (*Gently*): Already it is known. The prison is in alarm. The guards are searching for him in the yard.

MARY (*Turning back to* BRADY): No—God!—There must be some way—some way—

BRADY (*Thickly*): Nothing, Mary—nothing.

(*Faintly at first but growing steadily stronger, the dismal wail of the prison siren. Slowly the boy's face turns toward the window.*)

MARY (*Her arms outstretched*): Father!—Father!

(*The siren interrupts her, and her eyes follow* RINEWULF'S *toward the window.*)

BRADY (*Almost inarticulately*): It—It's just the way things break sometimes—the way—they break.

(*The siren drowns his voice. It shrieks and screams. The whole house rocks with it. The wall descends.*)

The Criminal Code is the strongest modern play on prison conditions to be found. Read to the group by an individual, or by members of the group in rotation or in character; or in a local church, read to the congregation Sunday night, it may prove the most powerful argument for prison reform that one could find. In one summer school, it was read very forcefully to the student body by a member of the faculty, as the students sat around informally in the living room of the dormitory. Even a reading of the play is so powerful as to leave one incapable of moving after the last tragic word, almost like the death sentence itself, has fallen. And yet, agonizing as is the experience of living with the play for an hour, we must *feel* these things before we will do anything to remedy them. After reading *The Criminal Code* one feels that he can never again be comfortable about the prison situation.

Discussion of the Play

The following questions may be used in directing the discussion:

1. To what extent is Robert Graham to blame for the incidents depicted in the prologue?

2. Do you believe that the old Mosaic law which Brady quotes is a just basis for our modern criminal code? What would you suggest as a substitute?

3. Have you discussed this with your companions, in your young people's society, with your pastor? What is their attitude?

4. Contrast with MacManus' philosophy the ideal of Thomas Mott Osborne, the great prison reformer, who said: "These men are human beings, with feelings and capacities as such. We should educate and train them for earnest, useful living, and when they come out, help them to find jobs and become useful citizens."

5. Give a character analysis of MacManus, Brady, Mary.

6. What would be the effect upon prisoners of receiving decent food, productive work, and humane treatment? Do you think there would be danger of prison life becoming too attractive?

7. What is the inevitable result of overcrowding, idleness, breaking men's spirits, long sentences, and putting young boys in the same cell with hardened criminals?

8. How do you account for Bob's change in Act II?

9. What do you think of the prisoner who "squeals"?

10. Give your estimate of the prisoner's code.

11. If you have never visited your State penitentiary or county jail, what do you know of conditions there? Have you ever been called upon to take any part in prison reform? What elements stand in the way of attaining justice in prison control?

12. If you heard that your State penitentiary was in the condition in which the Ohio penitentiary was several years before the fire, what would you do about it?

13. If an ex-convict applied for a position in your store, or bank, or factory, would the manager give him work? Why or why not?

14. If an ex-convict applied for membership in your church, would your minister accept him? If he did, would you and your group make him feel welcome and help him to go straight?

15. Do you agree with the attitude of the man who said, "I have always tried to follow the policy through life of seeing only those things which are pleasant. I do not care to make my own life uncomfortable by exposing myself to the evil of the world"? Would this be the attitude of Jesus, were he to walk among us to-day? Should this be the attitude of a progressive, right-thinking citizen?

16. Sum up, in a few words, the influence of this play upon you.

Culminating the Study

The Criminal Code reveals the dark side of the picture. There is another side, of course. Reforms are in process and the News Bulletin issued by the National Society of Penal Information will keep us posted. A local group could do nothing better than subscribe to membership in this organization and

keep constantly in touch with it. The pages of prison history will grow brighter only as we do our part.

Perhaps we have no jail or prison or reform school in our town. Does that mean that we shall wash our hands of the whole affair? Does not any condition which eats into the very heart of our national life affect us where we live? One student said, in relation to a certain social problem, "But we do not feel that problem in our town." And her tone of voice suggested that that being the case, "our town" had no responsibility in the matter. A chain is as strong, they tell us, as its weakest link. Our country is not in healthy condition as long as it applies old-fashioned and ineffectual methods to its ills.

The first impulse of a sincere group of people, out to know the truth about prison conditions, is to visit a prison. While the motive behind such an impulse may be and usually is most sincere, the value of the project is questionable. It is difficult, even under wise guidance, for such a group to appear in any light (to the prisoners) but that of smug, complacent, well-dressed, properly fed, curious people who have come to flaunt their freedom before their eyes. Far more effective would it be to invite some one familiar with conditions and sympathetic toward the problem to lead the discussion and guide the group in their thinking.

The first step in any progressive and positive reform is to develop an emotional appreciation of the problem. Such appreciation may result from a study of *The Criminal Code* and the witnessing of motion pictures which truly represent prison con-

ditions, such as "The Big House." In addition, the securing of facts is necessary. Address Mr. William Cox, of the National Society of Penal Information, and Mr. E. Stagg Whitin, of the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor, 250 West 57th Street, New York City. These two organizations provide an unfailing source of authentic information.

PART III

SUPPLEMENTING THE STUDY

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CHAPTER I

THE LEADER

The Purpose of the Course

The purpose of this course is to study the use of dramatics as a means of analyzing and helping to solve the problems involved in living the abundant life.

The fundamental purpose of Christian education involves the development of Christian personality. This development involves a personal relationship with God, and an understanding and appreciation of the teachings of Jesus. It includes a Christian interpretation of life and of the universe, giving adequate knowledge of the Bible and appreciation of other records of Christian experience. This development of Christian personality also very definitely involves intelligent participation in the life and work of the church and a share in the building of a Christian community and world. It is with this development that the study herein is chiefly concerned.

The principles upon which this fundamental purpose of Christian Education is built are: *first*, that people learn by doing; *second*, that this "doing" should be for the sake of solving problems and of meeting needs; *third*, that these problems and needs should reflect the problems and needs of the group participating; *fourth*, that further than the imme-

diate problems within the group, they should be stimulated to a keen sense of larger responsibility toward those problems of which they are not yet aware; *fifth*, that the activity of the students in the group should be the outgrowth of co-operative procedure; and, *sixth*, that throughout the whole procedure the leader is not a dictator or a lecturer, but a guide in the development of Christian personality.[1]

Place of the Leader in the Course

Function of the Leader. The world is filled with people who live only within their own narrow boundaries. Many of them are eager for experience and knowledge, but often, limited by their environment, are prevented from the fullest growth and development. The leader of this course has the responsibility of guiding the group into new fields of thought and opening new doors of knowledge, broadening the horizons and expanding the vision of the individuals in the group, thus bringing more complete development of Christian personality.

The leader's task involves an understanding of other people and an open mind in considering other people's ideas that may not coincide with his own. The leader must be able consistently to reflect an attitude of tolerance and appreciation of another's viewpoint, and welcome as well as stimulate keen, constructive criticism. The attitude of the leader will influence that of the whole group.

Since attitudes and conduct grow out of our

[1] Permission granted by the International Council of Religious Education to adapt material from Educational Bulletin, No. 503.

emotional reactions to a problem, it will be the leader's task also to build, on the basis of the plays suggested, an emotional appreciation which will in turn develop such attitudes as will result in proper conduct in everyday experience.

In the study or reading of plays, or in the production of plays, there is involved an analysis of the characters and the plots. This analysis reveals the motives behind the action and the ethical implications of conduct. As characteristics of honesty, cowardice, loyalty, selfishness, whether virtue or vice, are vividly depicted, the individual must judge them according to their true worth. Thus new attitudes are developed and less Christian attitudes are laid aside. It is in this opportunity to build Christian character that the leader's influence may be incalculable.

The function of the leader is fourfold: *first*, to guide the members of the group in analyzing their problems (they will, of course, recognize some of their problems at the outset, but they may not recognize all of them, or they may not know the fundamental aspects of the difficulties which they are facing); *second*, to stimulate the members of the group to desire to solve these problems; *third*, to guide the members of the group in planning those activities through which these problems may be solved, using the drama as one outstanding medium; and, *fourth*, to guide the members of the group in carrying on those activities to fruitful outcomes.

The Preparation of the Leader

(1) It is assumed that one who is to lead this study has a working knowledge and background of

experience in Religious Education and also in the field of drama. We suggest, however, the necessity of bringing oneself up to date in the general philosophy of religious education and reviewing the principles and techniques of educational dramatics. A list of suggested reading is found at the close of the chapter.

(2) In attempting to guide others in thinking about current problems, the leader should have made a careful study and preparation of his own for such leadership. This will involve becoming familiar with as much of the material listed in the bibliography in Part III of this book as is within his ability to secure. In addition to the bibliography, there are four plays included in this volume.

(3) An understanding of the group and of the interests, needs and capacities of the individuals within the group is necessary.

(4) The ability to interpret the plays in relation to the problems presented and discussed is paramount.

Mechanical Considerations

It seems wise to include here a brief reference to some more or less mechanical considerations which must enter a leader's thinking as he approaches his work. One is the time to be devoted to the study, and the other relates to a possible production as a culmination of the study.

Time. If the fullest possible benefit is to be derived from this suggested approach to dramatics, at least two hours a day, or a total of twenty hours, should be devoted to class discussion and rehearsal in a ten-day school, or ten hours in a five-day school.

The time allotment of one hour a day is not adequate. For the past several years there has been a feeling of dissatisfaction on the part of the members of classes in dramatics, as well as on the part of leaders, in the teaching method which has been commonly followed. As many leaders have discovered, the difficulty has been in giving the group all the help they have expected, and at the same time in satisfying the members of the school who expect a finished production of some kind. The two cannot be successfully combined when only one hour a day is allowed for this study.

The two-hour-a-day schedule, plus whatever extra time the students are able and willing to give to the work, seems necessary to the success of this type of study.

If it is the desire of the group to work on a production, and obtain such general helps as are usually given in such a class, in addition to the broader study of dramatics in relation to various problems, it would be well to devote the two separate hours to these two distinct pieces of work. The first hour each day, for instance, may be devoted to the study of the play for production, and the second hour may be given over to a discussion of problems, of plays which are being read, to presentation of reports, and planning for actual projects to be carried out when the members of the group return to their homes.

Studying the Play for Production. The distinction between studying a play with a view to possible production at the end of the school period and simply reading and studying a play for its educational and cultural value should be clear in the mind of the

leader. As is stated in the first chapter, no helps are included in this volume at the point of actual production, in view of the several splendid books on the subject. But in addition to such knowledge as the leader has on this phase of the subject, he should have in mind, for the purposes of this study, a few general principles which should motivate the activities of the first hour.

1. As far as possible the members of the group should feel free from strain and nervous pressure during the play preparation. While it is true that many people work best under a certain amount of pressure, some ambitious students will work beyond their strength. It has been proved that better results are often obtained if there can be a feeling of joyous relaxation accompanying rehearsals.

2. If this principle is sound, whether or not a play is presented before an audience is not important. In one school where this newer approach to dramatics was used one singular aspect of the rehearsals was that the group did not definitely decide for several days as to whether or not the play upon which they were working would be given before an audience.

3. If a state of ease and calm is to be achieved, the play selected must necessarily be fairly short, simple, and within the ability of the group. If it can be selected with a view to its being linked up in some way with the study and research of the second hour, so much the better.

If there is time for the members of the class to read over several plays and select the one they wish to present, this is the ideal. If there is not time, however, the leader will have to use his own judg-

ment in selecting the play. It is necessary to keep in mind that this course of study aims to meet the needs of each individual and the group, rather than to foist upon them any given set of materials which seem to be "good for what ails them."

Sources of Dramatic Helps

Publishers. One way to keep in touch with the field is to write for annual catalogues brought out by certain publishers who give place in their publication policy to drama. Among these are Samuel French, Walter H. Baker Company, Henry Holt and Company, Brentano's, Harper and Brothers, The Century Company, and Longmans, Green & Co. Other publishers bring out occasional dramas, but the aforementioned place considerable emphasis upon this phase of publishing.

The Best Plays of Each Year. Probably without question Burns Mantle's annual compilation of what he and other critics consider the ten best plays of the season is one of the best guides available. This collection appears each summer, covering the year preceding, and is published by Dodd, Mead & Company, usually selling at three dollars. While the complete plays are not given, the excerpts are well chosen and the thread of the story carried by splendidly written narrative.

Periodicals and Newspapers. Two magazines which give valuable criticism of current plays are *The Theatre Arts Monthly*, published by Theatre Arts, Inc., 119 West 57th Street, New York City, and selling at four dollars a year; and *The Drama*, published by The Drama League of America, and selling at three dollars a year. In addition these

magazines provide timely articles on various phases of the drama, past and present, including a record of the activities of amateur play groups and Little Theaters. References to plays reviewed and criticized in these periodicals, recorded on three by five inch cards and catalogued, provide ever-ready information for the earnest student of the drama.

The Church and Drama League. The Church and Drama League, located at 310 Riverside Drive, New York City, issues a most helpful weekly guide to the best plays being shown in New York. This will be just as helpful a guide to the student in any part of the country as to the frequenter of the Great White Way.

Denominational Headquarters. A few of the denominations are definitely interested in the drama as it bears upon current problems, though there is little organization among them through which to promote this interest. The Methodist Episcopal Church headquarters, at 740 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois, with their Division of Plays and Pageants, is getting out a great amount of help along this line. Other denominations issue lists which are largely limited to biblical, missionary, and seasonal plays.

Suggested List of Material for Preparation of the Leader

Religious Education

Betts, George H., and Hawthorne, Marion O.—*Method in Teaching Religion.* Abingdon. $2.50.

Coe, G. A.—*What Is Christian Education?* Scribners. $2.

Carrier, Blanche—*How Shall I Learn to Teach Religion?* Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

Powell, W. S.—*Growth in Christian Personality.* Bethany Press. $1.25.

Veith, P. H.—*Teaching for Christian Living.* Bethany Press. $1.50.

Drama

Balmforth, Ramsden—*The Problem Play.* Henry Holt. $1.75.

Balmforth, Ramsden—*Ethical and Religious Value of Drama* (Out of print—secure in library).

Chandler, Frank W.—*Aspects of Modern Drama.* Macmillan. $2.60.

Edland, Elisabeth—*Principles and Technique in Religious Dramatics.* Methodist Book Concern. $1.

Goslin and Alexander—*Worship Through Drama.* Harper & Brothers. $5.

Moulton, Richard G.—*Shakespeare as a Dramatic Thinker.* Macmillan. $2.85.

Raine, James W.—*Bible Dramatics.* Century Co. $2.

Willcox, Helen L.—*Bible Study Through Educational Dramatics.* Methodist Book Concern. $1.

Wood, W. Carleton—*The Dramatic Method in Religious Education.* Abingdon. $3.

CHAPTER II

BIBLIOGRAPHY

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B. *Problems of Adjustment*

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3. Religious Concept
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FINDING MY PLACE IN RELATION TO—

(Dramatic Material)

I. RACE

A. Appreciation of Other Peoples

(Suggested assignments for special reports in group study.)

(Some material for individual and group study.)

1. *Negro:*

1. Introduction to *Plays of Negro Life,* by Alain Locke.

Goin' Home. By Ransom Rideout; Longmans, Green & Co. F. L.;[1] reading; S. C.; price, $2.50. (The Negro soldier who unexpectedly meets prejudice in France.)

This is a list of suggestive references without any attempt to cover the field.

The reader may fill in additional references.

Green Pastures. By Marc Connelly; Farrar & Rinehart; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $2. (A triumph in the dramatic world. Negro interpretation of Bible stories.)

Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man, by James Weldon Johnson.

2. Report on the play, *Green Pastures,* by Marc Connelly.

Man Who Died at Twelve O'clock, The. By Paul Green; Samuel French; one act; production; S. C.; $5 royalty; price, 50 cents. (Negro superstition in the South.)

In the Vanguard of a Race, by Mrs. L. H. Hammond; M. E. M.

3. Review of recent issue of "Opportunity."

[1] F. L.—Full length.
S. C.—Single copy. Where the play is suggested for reading rather than for production, the royalty is not indicated.

4. Report on the play, *The Slave,* by Elizabeth Yates, page 27.

Plays of Negro Life. By Alain Locke; Harper & Brothers; collection of one-act and full-length plays; some for reading and some for production; royalty, address publisher; price, $5. (Representative of various types of Negroes.)

Plays and Pageants from the Life of the Negro. By Willis Richardson; Associated Publishers; collection of one-act and full-length plays; some for reading and some for production; price, $3.50. (Representative plays by Negro authors, suitable for church and school, and for various groups.)

Porgy. By Dubose and Dorothy Heyward; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $2. (Perhaps the truest picture we have of the South Carolina Negro.)

Slave, The. By Elizabeth Yates; The Penn Publishing Company; one-act; production; 4 persons; in collection, *Small Plays for Small Casts,* by Yates; price, $1.50; royalty, $5. (Fine interpretation of Negroes and their reaction to new opportunity.)

The Negro in American Life, by Willis J. King; M. B. C.

The New Negro, by Alain Locke.

What the Negro Thinks, by Robert R. Moton. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

Blind Spots, by Henry S. Leiper; F. P.

The Clash of Color, by Basil Mathews; M. E. M.

Opportunity, Negro magazine published by the National Urban League.

The Crisis, Negro magazine edited by W. E. B. DuBois; address, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

1. Introduction to the play, *The Jazz Singer*, by Raphaelson.

2. Report of *The Jazz Singer*.

3. *Better Understanding Between Jews and Christians.* A discussion outline with data, for young people and adult groups. Address Mr. Clinchy. (See right-hand column.)

4. Report on the *Borderland of Prejudice.* Address Mr. Clinchy.

2. Jew:

At the Gates. By Elma E. Levinger (see description on page 153; price, 20 cents.

Dybbuk, The. By S. Ansky; Boni and Liveright; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $2. (Gives deep understanding of rather recent religious background of the Jews. Powerfully mystical.)

His Children. By Rufus Learsi; Jewish Welfare Board; one act; production; 5 persons; S. C.; price, 25 cents. (The powerful influence of an orthodox Jewish father upon his children after his death.)

Jazz Singer, The. By Samson Raphaelson; Bloch Publishing Co.; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $1. (A young Jew, torn between his desire for a career on the stage and his father's wish that he become a cantor in the synagogue.)

Nathan the Wise. By Gotthold Lessing; Henry Holt and Company; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $1.25. (In which the tolerance and appreciation of Nathan, the Jew, toward other faiths is beautifully depicted.)

One-Act Plays from the Yiddish. Translated by Etta Block; D. Appleton & Company; production and study; contains six one-act plays; royalty, $10 first production; $5 each additional production;

Israel, by Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper & Brothers.

(For facts write to Commission of Goodwill Between Jews and Christians. Address Everett R. Clinchy, 105 East 22d St., New York City.)

The Immigrant, by Edward A. Steiner.

price, $2. (Especially valuable in the study of racial background.)

3. *Mountaineer:*

Field God, The. By Paul Green; Robert McBride & Co.; F. L.; reading; in collection by same name; price, $2. (A strikingly dramatic story of the poor white farmers in the eastern section of North Carolina.)

Janey. By Mrs. H. Gurnsey Walker; Methodist Book Concern, one act; production; 7 women; S. C.; price, 20 cents. (The transformation of a mountain girl to whom the opportunity comes for an education.)

Last of the Lowries, The. By Paul Green; Henry Holt and Company; one act; production; 4 persons; in collection, *Carolina Folk Plays,* Vol. I; royalty, address publisher; price, $2. (Croatan outlaws of North Carolina.)

Sun-Up. By Lulu Vollmer; Longmans, Green & Co.; F. L.; production; 9 persons; S. C.; royalty, $25; price, $1. (In which a woman's love for her own son widens into a love for all women's sons.)

When Witches Ride. By Elizabeth A. Lay; Henry Holt and Company; one act; production; 4 persons; in collection, *Carolina Folk Plays,* Vol. I; royalty, address publisher; price, $2. (A play of folk superstition.)

1. Excerpt from the play, *Sun-Up.*

Preface to; *Land of the Saddle Bags,* by James Watt Raine; M. E. M.

Carolina Folk Plays, by Frederick Koch; Henry Holt and Company.

4. *American Indian:*

Two Thousand Miles for a Book. By Helen L. Willcox. (See description, page 157.)

5. *Oriental:*

Color Line, The. By Irene Taylor McNair; Missionary Education Movement; one act; production; 6 persons; S. C.; price, 25 cents. (Shows the Oriental Student's conception of Americans and how he becomes disillusioned in America.)

Flower of Yeddo, A. By Victor Mapes; Samuel French; one act; production; 4 persons; S. C.; royalty, $5; price, 30 cents. (An unusually quaint and dainty Japanese comedy.)

Melon Thief, The. By Shigerjoshi Obata; Samuel French; one act; production; 2 men; S. C.; royalty, $5; price, 30 cents. (A delightful medieval Japanese farce.)

1. Review of the play, *The Sword of the Samurai,* by Tracy Mygatt.

2. Report, *Palestine Riots,* Information Service, May 24, 1930.

Laughing Boy, a novel, by Oliver La Farge; Houghton Mifflin.

The Oriental in America, by Kenneth Miller.

Japan Speaks for Herself, by a group of Nationals; M. E. M.

China To-day Through Chinese Eyes, by Dr. T. T. Lew; Doubleday, Doran.

China's Real Revolution, by Paul Hutchinson; M. E. M.

China Her Own Interpreter, by a Group of Nationals; M. E. M.

Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas, by C. F. Andrews; Macmillan; $3.

India on the March, by Alden H. Clark; M. E. M.

New Plays from Japan. Translated by Yozan T. Iwasoki and Glenn Hughes; D. Appleton & Company; three plays for reading and study; price, $1.50. (These plays represent the new trend in Japanese drama; significant.)

Purple Iris, The. By Antoinette Withington; Womans Press; one act; production; 7 women; S. C.; price, 50 cents. (A delicate bit of old Japan.)

Ritual and Dramatized Folkways. By Jasspõn and Becker; The Century Co.; price, $2.50. (Contains four French ballads, Russian folk pantomimes, Hindu wedding ceremony and Japanese life scenes.)

Sword of the Samurai, The. By Tracy D. Mygatt; The Century Co.; 2 acts; production; 11 persons; S. C.; price, 75 cents. (How the beautiful spirit of the Samurai, the knighthood of Japan, lends itself to the idealism and strength of the Christian faith.)

Yellow Jacket, The. By Hazleton and Berrimo; Bobbs-Merrill Company; F. L.; reading; in collection, *Chief Contemporary Dramatists;* T. A. Dickinson, Houghton Mifflin Company; price, $3; royalty, address publisher. (Delightful Chinese play, done in manner of Chinese theatrical convention, including chorus and prominent property man.)

India Looks to Her Future, by Oscar M. Buck; Friendship Press; Cloth, $1; paper, 60 cents.

1. Report, *Italy and the Fascist Movement,* Information Service, April 12, 1930.

2. Review of the play, *What Men Live By,* by Virginia Church.

6. *European:*

Golden Leaves, The. By A. Lewis Colwell; Womans Press; operetta; production; 8 persons and chorus; S. C.; price, 50 cents. (An operetta of Polish folk-songs and dances.)

Ritual and Dramatized Folkways. By Jasspon and Becker. (See description on page 150.)

Silver Thread and Other Folk Plays, The. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay; Henry Holt and Company; production; $1.50; royalty, address publisher. (Contains eight delightful European folk plays.)

What Men Live By. By Virginia Church; Walter H. Baker Company; one act; production; 8 or 12 persons; royalty, $10; price, 35 cents. (An adaptation of Tolstoy's story "Where Love Is God Is.")

7. *Caribbean Countries:*

Standing Cane, The. By Helen L. Willcox; Missionary Education Movement; one act; production; 5 or more persons; S. C.; no royalty; price, 25 cents. (An interesting new play, depicting the difficulties involved in the sugar situation in Cuba.)

Broken Earth, by Maurice Hindus.

Humanity Uprooted, by Maurice Hindus.

Ritual and Dramatized Folkways, by Jasspon and Becker; Century; $2.50.

Between the Americas, by Jay Stowell; M. E. M.; cloth, $1; paper, 60 cents.

West Indian Treasures, by Winifred Hulbert; F. P.; cloth, $1; paper, 75 cents.

Trailing the Conquistadores, by Samuel G. Inman; F. P.; cloth, $1; paper, 60 cents.

8. *General:*

American Scene, The. Edited by Barrett H. Clark and Kenyon Nicholson; D. Appleton & Company; price, $5. (A cross-section of American life—the people of farms and in city plants, in mines and factories, stores and offices. It has a splendid preface, which adds greatly to an interpretation of the collection.)

Friendship Ceremony, in *Ritual and Dramatized Folkways.* By Jasspon and Becker; The Century Co.; production; 25 persons; price of collection, $2.50. (Presents the idea that the best contribution of each individual enhances life for all; that out of the fostering of good fellowship will come a humanity transcending all racial distinctions.)

Gate of the West, in *Ritual and Dramatized Folkways.* By Jasspon and Becker; The Century Co.; production; brief; 6 persons; price of collection, $2.50. (A plea to respect the individuality of the immigrant.)

B. Problems of Adjustment

1. *Exclusion:*

Sword of the Samurai, The. By Tracy D. Mygatt; The Century Co.; two acts; production; 11 persons; S. C.; price, 25 cents. (Japan's reaction to the Exclusion Act.)

1. Report, *Alien Registration,* Information Service, April 5, 1930.

Who Is My Neighbor? The Inquiry.

2. Report on the pamphlet, *Social Pioneering,* Chap. II, *The Immigrant;* by William Gilbert; M. B. C.

3. Report on the play, *At the Gates,* by Levinger.

4. *Social Pioneering,* by Gilbert, Chap. III, *Race Prejudice and Civilization.*

5. Review of the play, *The Sword of the Samurai,* by Tracy Mygatt.

6. Review of the play, *America Grows Up,* by Helen L. Willcox, Episode I (American Indian).

7. Review of the play, *Giants in the Earth,* by Thomas Job.

2. Americanization and Immigration:

America Grows Up. By Helen L. Willcox, Episode IV; Presbyterian Board of National Missions; production; 8 and more persons; S. C.; price, 25 cents. (The adjustment of the European immigrant to America's strange new ways.)

At the Gates. By Elma E. Levinger; Department of Synagogue and School Extension; one act; production; S. C.; 10 or more persons; price, 20 cents. (The longing with which a Jewish father brings his family to America and the frustration of his hopes.)

Giants in the Earth. By Thomas Job, from the novel by O. E. Rolvaag; Harper & Brothers; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $2. (A tragedy of the European settlers in the Middle West and West; the difficulty, especially on the part of the women, to become adjusted to the new lonely country, where there was "nothing to hide behind.")

Hell-Bent fer Heaven. By Hatcher Hughes; Samuel French; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, 75 cents. (A powerful play of mountain life. Highly imaginative.)

Pioneers of Good Will, by Harold B. Hunting; F. P.

Youth in the New America, by G. Bromley Oxnam; M. E. M.

Land of All Nations, by Margaret R. Seebach; M. E. M.; cloth, $1; paper, 75 cents.

3. *Religious Concept:*

Jazz Singer, The. By Samson Raphaelson; Bloch Publishing Co.; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $1. (A modern Jewish boy with orthodox background and his efforts to adjust new ideas to old habits of thinking.)

Tillie, a Mennonite Maid. By Helen Martin and Frank How, Jr.; Longmans, Green & Co.; F. L.; production; 12 and more persons; S. C.; royalty, $15; price, 75 cents. (Amusing and sympathetic portrayal of life among one of America's religious sects.)

4. *Foreign Student in America:*

Color Line, The. By Irene Taylor McNair; Missionary Education Movement; one act; production; 6 persons; S. C.; price, 25 cents. (The problem of the foreign student who runs up against some distorted attitudes in the American college.)

5. *The New Orient:*

Betrothal of Mai Tsung, The. By Kyung Sung and Vida Sutton; Missionary Education Movement; 3 acts; production; 17 persons; S. C.; price, 25 cents. (Adjustment of Chinese youth to new ideas regarding marriage, and so forth.)

Osman Pasha. By William Jourdan Rapp; The Century Co.; F. L.; reading; price, $1.25. (An ex-

position of the new ideas stirring the younger men of Turkey to-day. Most dramatic.)

6. *The New Negro:*

America Grows Up, Episode III. By Helen L. Willcox; Presbyterian Board National Missions; production; 7 or more persons; S. C.; price, 25 cents. (The Southern Negro coming North and making the difficult adjustment.)

Goin' Home. By Ransom Rideout; Longmans, Green & Co.; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $2.50. (The new Negro fighting in France.)

In Abraham's Bosom. By Paul Green; Robert McBride; F. L.; reading; in collection *The Field God,* by Green; royalty; price, $2. (The struggles of a Southern Negro to educate himself and his people.)

Slave, The. By Elizabeth Yates. (See description, page 146.)

7. *The American Indian:*

America Grows Up, Episode I. By Helen L. Willcox; Presbyterian Board National Missions; production; 6 or more persons; S. C.; price, 25 cents. (Some attitudes toward the Indian and his culture.)

In the Vanguard of a Race, by Mrs. L. H. Hammond; M. E. M.

What the Negro Thinks, by Robert R. Moton; Doubleday, Doran & Co.

8. *The Mountaineer:*

Tie That Binds, The. By Orrelle F. Cornelius; Samuel French; one act; reading; 6 persons; in collection, *The American Scene;* price, $5; royalty, address publisher. (In which a baby eventually overcomes the barrier of misunderstanding between a mountaineer mother and her educated daughter from the city.)

C. Sharing With Other Peoples

America Grows Up. By Helen L. Willcox; Presbyterian Board National Missions; production; 4 episodes; may be done separately; S. C.; price, 25 cents. (A penetrating comment on some attitudes centering around four types of "peoples" which are a part of "us.")

Betrothal of Mai Tsung, The. By Kyung Sung and Vida Sutton; Missionary Education Movement; three acts; production; 17 persons; S. C.; price, 25 cents. (Influence of Christian teaching is felt by young China.)

Color Line, The. By Irene Taylor McNair; Missionary Education Movement; one act; production; 6 persons; S. C.; price, 25 cents. (If all America were like her missionaries!)

Whither Bound in Missions? by Daniel J. Fleming; Association Press.

Human Needs and World Christianity, by F. J. McConnell; F. P.

Roads to the City of God, by Basil Mathews; M. E. M.

Ways of Sharing With Other Faiths; by Daniel J. Fleming; Association Press.

China's Real Revolution, by Paul Hutchinson; M. E. M.

Followers of the Star. By Anita B. Ferris; Missionary Education Movement; 4 episodes; may be done separately; S. C.; price, 35 cents. (A pageant of India's Christians.)

Janey. By Mrs. H. Gurnsey Walker; Methodist Book Concern; one act; production; 7 women; S. C.; price, 20 cents. (The effect of Christian teaching on a Southern mountain girl.)

Ordered South. By W. J. Noble; Missionary Education Movement; one act; production; S. C.; no royalty; price, 15 cents. (A young man's purpose to go to Africa in the face of great opposition. An emphasis on industrial relationships.)

Ring of Rama Krishniah, The. By Anita B. Ferris; Methodist Book Concern; four scenes (simple); production; 21 persons; S. C.; price, 25 cents. (How India is meeting her own problems and what America can do to help.)

Two Thousand Miles for a Book. By Helen L. Willcox; Missionary Education Movement; F. L.; production; 28 or more persons; S. C.; no royalty; price, 25 cents. (The story of the Nez Perces Indians who traveled from the Northwest to Saint Louis, seeking the white man's Book of Heaven.)

II. PEACE

A. Attitudes

1. Report on pamphlet, *Thinking It Through,* by Edith Nicholson; M. B. C.

2. Review of the play, *Journey's End,* by R. C. Sherriff.

3. Report on pamphlet, *Methodism and World Peace.*

4. Report, Introduction to the play, *The Enemy,* by Channing Pollock.

5. Review of the play, *The Terrible Meek,* by Charles Rann Kennedy.

6. Review of the book, *Hey! Yellowbacks!* by Ernest L. Meyer.

7. Review of *Four Peace Plays;* M. B. C.

8. Reports from issues of Information Service which contain items on subject.

Pact of Paris, The. By Helen L. Willcox; Methodist Book Concern; 1 act; production; 11 persons; in collection, *Four Peace Plays;* price, 35 cents. (In which the articles of the Paris Peace Pact are brought clearly before us; attitudes of statesmen.)

Portrait, The. By Lydia Glover Deseo; Methodist Book Concern; 1 act; production; 7 persons; in collection, *Four Peace Plays;* price, 35 cents. (In which the spirit of one who died on Flanders Fields leads the way; the attitude of one who knows.)

Rome or the Kingdom. By Helen L. Willcox; Methodist Book Concern; 1 act; production; 6 or more persons; in collection, *Four Peace Plays;* price, 35 cents. (The attitude of the militarist.)

Sun-Up. By Lulu Vollmer; Longmans, Green & Co.; F. L.; production; S. C.; 9 persons; royalty, $25; price, $1. (The attitude of the idealist.)

Terrible Meek, The. By Charles Rann Kennedy; Harper & Brothers; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $2. (Containing the attitude of the militarist, the politician, the patriot, and the mother.)

Between War and Peace, by Florence Brewer Boeckel; Macmillan.

A Christian Attitude Toward War, by Leighton Richards.

The Christian Crusade for a Warless World, by Sidney Gulick (pamphlet).

Hey! Yellowbacks! by Ernest L. Meyers.

Highways to International Goodwill, by Walter Van Kirk.

Now It Can Be Told, by Philip Gibbs.

The Outlawry of War, by C. C. Morrison.

Thinking It Through, by Edith Nicholson; M. B. C.

Voices. By Hortense Flexner; Little, Brown & Company; 1 act; production; 2 girls; in collection, *Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors,* Mayorga; price, $3. (Joan of Arc speaks to the peasant girl.)

Way of Peace, The. By Cronk and Copenhaver; United Lutheran Church; production; S. C.; price, 25 cents. (Pageant—the attitude of nations.)

The Turn Toward Peace, by Florence Brewer Boeckel; F. P.

B. Facts About War

Bigger and Better Wars. By Clyde Keegan; Powell and White; F. L.; S. C.; reading; price, 50 cents. (Deals with causes and folly of war. Better for study than production.)

Goin' Home. By Ransom Rideout; Longmans, Green & Co.; F. L.; S. C.; reading; price, $2.50. (Shows some of the seamy side of war and its results.)

Journey's End. By R. C. Sherriff, Brentano's; F. L.; S. C.; reading; price, $2. (An intensely gripping play, showing war as it is.)

Pawns. By John Drinkwater; Houghton Mifflin Company; reading; price, $1.50. (A collection of four poetic plays, portraying simple truths in beautiful, literary style. "A Night in the Trojan War" especially recommended. See page 76.)

War, by Mary Hunter, M. B. C. (program unit).

War! Behind the Smoke Screen, by William C. Allen.

War, Its Causes and Its Cures, Kirby Page (pamphlet).

Address War Resisters League for information, 171 W. 12th Street, New York City.

What Price Glory? By Lawrence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson; Dodd, Mead & Company; F. L.; S. C.; reading; in collection, *Best Plays of 1921-1922;* price, $3. (A frank exposé of war in all its horror.)

C. Peace Measures

Pact of Paris, The. By Helen L. Willcox; Methodist Book Concern; 1 act; production; 11 persons; in collection, *Four Peace Plays;* price, 35 cents. (Constructive planning as a peace measure. Use of pact.)

Portrait, The. By Lydia Glover Deseo. (Education of youth against war; see description, page 158.)

Way of Peace, The. By Copenhaver, Cronk, and Worrell. See description, page 159. (World brotherhood as a peace measure.)

Wings Over Europe. By Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne; Dodd, Mead & Company; F. L.; S. C.; reading; in collection, *Best Plays,* 1928-1929, by Mantle; price, $3. (Science as a peace measure.)

III. INDUSTRY

A. Farming

1. Review of the play, *Bread,* by Fred Eastman.

2. Report, Introduction to Collection of Plays, *Red Bud Women,* by Mark O'Dea.

Bread. By Fred Eastman; Samuel French; 1 act; 6 persons; production; S. C.; royalty, $5; price, 30 cents. (A farm family's longing for more than physical food.)

Fixin's. By Erma and Paul Green; Henry Holt and Company; 1 act; 3 persons; production; in collection, *Carolina Folk Plays,* Second Series; royalty, address publisher; price, $2. (A tenant-farm woman whose family fail to understand her longing for "fixin's.")

Lean Years, The. By Mary Reely; Baker; 1 act; 4 persons; production; in collection, *Three One-Act Plays;* special royalty, address publisher; price, $1. (The sacrifice of a farmer and his wife to do for their children.)

Money. By Michael Gold; Samuel French; one act; reading; 6 persons; in collection, *The American Scene;* price, $5; royalty, address publisher. (A gripping drama of lower East Side, New York, where poverty blinds and blights the friendship of a lifetime, as money becomes the God.)

Machine-Wreckers, The. By Ernest Toller (Tr. from German); Alfred A. Knopf; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $2; special royalty, address publisher.

Address the Methodist Federation of Social Service, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and the League for Industrial Democracy, 112 E. 19th Street, New York City.

Social Pioneering, by William Gilbert, Chap. IV.

Autobiography of Graham Taylor.

Our Templed Hills, by Ralph A. Felton; M. E. M.; $1.

Rural Billions, The, by C. M. McConnell; M. E. M.

Handbook of Rural Social Resources, by Israel and Landis; University of Chicago Press.

(A stirring drama of the English Luddites, portraying men's revolt against machine civilization. A powerful, convincing story.)

Greasy Luck. By Rachel Field; Samuel French; one act; reading; 4 persons; in collection, *The American Scene;* Barrett H. Clark and Kenyon Nicholson; price, $5; royalty, address publisher. (In which are depicted the hardships and sacrifices of women living on seacoast towns, whose men spend years at a time on whaling vessels.)

Peggy. By Harold Williamson; Henry Holt and Company; 1 act; 7 persons; production; in collection, *Carolina Folk Plays,* First Series; royalty, address publisher; price, $2. (A tragedy of the tenant farmer.)

B. Factory

Job's Kinsfolk. By Loretto C. Bailey; Henry Holt and Company; 1 act; 5 persons; production; in collection, *Carolina Folk Plays,* Third Series; royalty, address publisher; price, $2.50. (The tragedy of three generations of factory women.)

Product of the Mill, The. By Elizabeth McFadden; Samuel French; F. L.; reading; S. C.; royalty, $25; price, 75 cents. (A very dramatic and earnest study, revealing deplorable conditions in some modern mill life.)

1. Report, *Working Conditions in Canneries,* Information Service, May 3, 1930.

2. Report, *The Cotton Goods Industry,* Information Service, April 19, 1930.

3. Report, *The Strikes at Marion, North Carolina,* Information Service, December 28, 1930.

4. Review of the play, *The Product of the Mill,* by Elizabeth McFadden.

(Address the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., for facts.)

C. Mining

1. Review of the play, *The Price of Coal,* by Harold Brighouse.	*Price of Coal, The.* By Harold Brighouse; Samuel French; 1 act; 4 persons; production; S. C.; royalty, $5; price, 50 cents. (Very dramatic story of the coal mines. May be taken out of dialect.)	*Coming of Coal, The,* by R. W. Bruere; Association Press; $1.

D. Unemployment

1. Review of the play, *Daily Bread,* by Mary Reely. 2. Report, *Special Service for the Handicapped,* Information Service, March 18, 1930. 3. Report, *Unemployment Conditions,* Information Service, March 15, 1930. 4. Report, *Organization to Curb Unemployment,* Information Service, September 26, 1929.	*Daily Bread.* By Mary Reely; Walter H. Baker Company; 1 act; 5 persons; production; in collection, *Three One-Act Plays;* special royalty, address publisher; price, $1. (The high courage of a tenement family to acquire food and education with unemployment at its height.) *Dog, The.* By Bosworth Crocker; D. Appleton & Company; 1 act; 6 persons; production; in collection, *Humble Folk.* Address publisher for permission to produce; price, $2. (Ironic tragedy of economic pressure which strangely intertwines the fate of men and beasts.)	Magazine, *The Unemployed.* Address League for Industrial Democracy.

E. Labor

1. Review of the play, *The Product of the Mill,* by Elizabeth McFadden.	*Beggar and the King, The.* By Winthrop Parkhurst; Little, Brown & Company; 1 act; 3 men; production; in collection, *Atlantic Book of Modern*	(Address the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., for facts.)

2. Review of the play, *The Fool,* by Channing Pollock.

3. Report of the pamphlet, *One Billion Wild Horses,* by Stuart Chase.

4. Report, *Women Wage Earners,* Information Service, May 24, 1930.

5. Report, *Labor Disputes,* Information Service, March 8, 1930.

6. Report, *Labor Leader States His Policy* (Union), Information Service, February 22, 1930.

7. Report, *Training the Older Employee,* Information Service, February 8, 1930.

8. Report, *The Older Worker in Industry,* Information Service, February 1, 1930.

Plays, by Leonard; royalty, $10; price, $1.50. (A study in contrasts; the autocratic rich, ruling with an iron hand, and the hungry poor, whose name is Legion.)

Fool, The. By Channing Pollock; Samuel French; F. L.; S. C.; reading; royalty; price, 75 cents. (A minister with the courage to seek justice and to preach and live truth is called a "fool" by his friends and enemies alike.)

Product of the Mill, The. By Elizabeth McFadden. (See description, page 162.)

R. U. R. By Karel Capek. Translated from the Czech by P. Silver; Walter H. Baker Company; F. L.; S. C.; reading; price, $1. (A fantastic melodrama in which man attempts to reduce life to machinery.)

Playing With Fire. By Percival Wilde; Samuel French; 1 act; production; 3 persons; S. C.; royalty, $10; price, 35 cents. (Two young people in love and the means they employ to make sure of each other.)

Saved. By J. W. Rogers, Jr.; Samuel French; 1 act; production; 6 women; S. C.; royalty, $5; price, 30 cents. (A young girl's escape from her domineering aunt.)

The Acquisitive Society, by R. H. Tawney. (Address National Child Labor Committee, 215 4th Avenue, New York, for facts.)

The Causes for Industrial Unrest, by John A. Fitch.

Middletown, by Mr. and Mrs. Lynd; Chap. VI; Harcourt, Brace.

The New World of Labor, by Sherwood Eddy.

One Billion Wild Horses, by Stuart Chase (10-cent pamphlet). Secure from League for Industrial Democracy.

Religion and Social Justice, by Sherwood Eddy.

9. Report, *A Unique Insurance Agreement,* Information Service, December 7, 1929.

10. Report, *The Problem of Security in Old Age,* Information Service, October 26, 1929.

Seventeen. By Booth Tarkington. (See description, page 174.) Price, 75 cents.

IV. CITIZENSHIP

A. Juvenile Delinquency

1. Report, *The Menace of the Movies,* by Fred Eastman; Christian Century.

Back of the Yards. By Kenneth Sawyer Goodman; Stage Guild; 1 act; production; 5 persons; S. C.; address publisher; price, 50 cents. (The story of a boy who has only the Chicago Stock Yards for a background.)

First Time, The. By Bosworth Crocker; D. Appleton & Company; 1 act; production; 4 persons; in collection, *Humble Folk;* address author for permission to produce; price, $2. (A comedy-drama concerning a poor Jewess whose stifled sense of beauty finds pathetic satisfaction, despite grievous obstacles.)

Tatters. By Richard Burton; Samuel French; 1 act; 4 persons; royalty, $5; price, 30 cents. (A strongly humanitarian play, wherein a judge wins and saves wayward boys by his love and trust in them.)

Social Pioneering, by William Gilbert (pamphlet).

Another Twenty Years at Hull House, by Jane Addams.

Young America. By Ballard and Franklin. (See description on page 169.)

B. Patriotism

Man Without a Country, The. By Elizabeth McFadden and Crimmins (Based on Hale's story); Samuel French; F. L.; 24 or more persons; production and reading; S. C.; royalty, $10; price, 30 cents. (A thrilling dramatization of the well-known story.)

Portrait, The. By Lydia Glover Deseo. (See description on page 158.)

C. Prisons

Criminal Code, The. By Martin Flavin; Horace Liveright; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $2. (A play which in its unrelenting tragedy brings an accurate picture of modern prison conditions and the need of reform.)

1. Report, *Hey! Yellowbacks!* by Ernest L. Meyer.

2. Review of *The Man Without a Country,* by McFadden and Crimmins.

3. Report, *Can Pacifists Be Citizens?* Information Service, April 5, 1930.

4. Report, *In Defense of Free Speech,* Information Service, November 23, 1929.

5. Report, *Social Pioneering,* Chap. I, *Government by Whom?*

Hey! Yellowbacks! by Ernest L. Meyer.

Handbook of American Prisons and Reformatories. Write National Society of Penal Information, 114 E. 30th Street, New York City; and

National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor, 250 West 57th Street, New York City.

Walls and Bars, by Eugene Debbs.

Autobiography of Tremont Alders, *My Life.*

D. Prohibition

The Black Bag. By Helen L. Willcox; Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, Washington, D. C.; 3 acts; production; 15 persons; S. C.; royalty, $10; price, 35 cents. (A thrilling drama of battle between rum runners and Coast Guard. Splendid!)

1. Review of the play, *The Criminal Code,* by Martin Flavin.

2. Report, *The Auburn Prison Outbreak.*

3. Report, *The Columbus Disaster.*

4. Report, *The News Bulletin.* (These last three issued by the National Society of Penal Information.)

Cost of a Hat, The. By Bosworth Crocker; D. Appleton & Company; 1 act; production; 4 persons; in collection, *Humble Folk;* address author for permission to produce; price, $2. (A proud Irish girl who refuses to accept a repetition of her mother's life with a drunken, worthless husband. Good.)

1. Review of *The Black Bag,* by Helen L. Willcox.

2. Report of pamphlet, *Prohibition,* by D. Stewart Patterson.

3. Report, *Social Pioneering,* Chap. VII, *Alcohol and Health.*

Dod Gast Ye Both. By Hubert C. Heffner; Henry Holt and Company; 1 act; production; 7 persons; in collection, *Carolina Folk Plays,* Vol. I; royalty; price, $2. (A comedy of mountain moonshiners.)

Paying the Fiddler. By Harry M. Chalfont; order from author, 726 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia; 1 act; production; price, 25 cents. (Admittedly prohibition propaganda. One pinch of romance, another of humor, and a generous portion of the serious make this an interesting play.)

(For additional material address Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, Methodist Episcopal Church).

Prohibition, D. Stewart Patterson (program unit); M. B. C., 740 Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

Prohibition: Its Industrial and Economic Aspects, by Herman Feldman.

Alcohol Information Committee, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

V. CITY AND RURAL LIFE

A. City Life

1. Report on program unit, *Learning How to Live in the City.*

2. Report—*Rural vs. Urban Living Standards,* Information Service, April 26, 1930.

3. Report—*The Great Rural Migration,* Information Service, April 26, 1930.

4. Review of the play, *Daily Bread,* by Mary Reely.

5. Review of the play, *Street Scene,* by Elmer Rice.

1. *Tenement Life:*

Baby Carriage, The. By Bosworth Crocker; D. Appleton & Company; one act; production; 4 persons; in collection, *Humble Folk;* address author for permission to produce; price, $2. (A comedy-drama concerning a poor Jewish mother who schemes and struggles against obstacles, and eventually possesses the much-desired baby carriage.)

Street Scene. By Elmer Rice; Samuel French; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $2. (A most revealing cross-section of tenement life, with its joys and tragedies.)

2. *Unemployment:*

Daily Bread. By Mary Reely; Walter H. Baker; one act; 5 persons; production; in collection, *Three One-Act Plays;* special royalty, address publisher; price, $1. (The high courage of a tenement family to acquire food and education.)

Dog, The. By Bosworth Crocker; D. Appleton & Company; one act; 6 persons; production; in collection, *Humble Folk;* address author, permission to produce; price, $2. (Ironic tragedy of economic pressure which strangely intertwines the fate of men and beasts.)

Middletown, by Mr. and Mrs. Lynd; Chap. II; Harcourt, Brace.

Learning How to Live in the City (program unit); M. B. C.

Crowded Ways, by Charles H. Sears; M. E. M.; $1.

3. *Apartment Life:*

Last Straw, The. By Bosworth Crocker; D. Appleton & Company; one act; production; 5 persons; in collection, *Humble Folk;* address author, permission to produce; price, $2. (Tragedy of a German-American janitor, wounded in his honor and thereby crushed in spirit.)

4. *Juvenile Delinquency:*

Back of the Yards. By Kenneth Sawyer Goodman; Stage Guild; one act; production; 5 persons; in collection, *Quick Curtains;* price, $1.50; royalty, $10, admission; $5, no admission. (The story of a boy who has only the Chicago Stock Yards for background.)

First Time, The. By Bosworth Crocker; D. Appleton & Company; one act; production; 5 persons; in collection, *Humble Folk;* address author for permission to produce; price, $2. (Picture of a girl of the underworld, whose natural gentleness cannot free her from the vicious circle of her life.)

Young America. By Fred Ballard and Pearl Franklin; Samuel French; one act; production; 5 persons (and a dog); in collection, *One-Act Plays for Stage and Study,* Second Series; royalty, $10; price, $3. (In which mother love wins the day and a boy is saved from the reform school.)

B. Rural Life

1. *Struggle for Cultural Advantages:*

Bread. By Fred Eastman; Samuel French; one act; 6 persons; production; S. C.; royalty, $5; price, 30 cents. (A farm family's longing for more than physical food.)

Giants in the Earth. By Thomas Job, from the novel by O. E. Rolvaag; Harper & Brothers; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $2. (A tragic story of the bitter struggle of the early pioneers.)

Granny. By Marguerite Bro; Powell & White; one act; 6 persons; production; royalty, $5; S. C.; price, 20 cents. (A very human little play of a grandmother and granddaughter who refused to be crushed by the farm and their family.)

Lean Years, The. By Mary Reely; Walter H. Baker Company; one act; 4 persons; production; in collection, *Three One-Act Plays;* special royalty; address publisher; price, $1. (The sacrifices of a farmer and his wife to do for their children.)

Not in the Lessons. By Mark O'Dea; D. Appleton & Company; one act; production; 4 persons; in collection, *Red Bud Women;* royalty, $10 first production, $5 each additional; price, $2. (The small-town girl who groped for beauty in exaggerated cinema gestures.)

1. Report—Introduction to collection of plays, *Red Bud Women,* by Mark O'Dea.

2. Report—Pamphlet, *Learning How to Live in the Country.*

3. Report—*Rural vs. Urban Living Standards,* Information Service, April 26, 1930.

4. Report—*The Great Rural Migration,* Information Service, April 26, 1930.

5. Review of the play, *Giants in the Earth,* by Job.

Stockin' Money. By Eloise Earle Dean; Longmans, Green & Co.; one act; production; 4 persons; S. C.; royalty, admission, $10; no admission, $5; price, 50 cents. (Similar to *Bread*—farm life and its sacrifices.)

Song of Solomon, The. By Mark O'Dea; D. Appleton & Company; one act; production; 5 persons; in collection, *Red Bud Women;* royalty, $10 first production, $5 each additional; address publisher, permission to produce; price, $2. (The farmer's wife who sets her heart with tragic intensity upon a new electric lighting system.)

Trifles. By Susan Glaspell; Walter H. Baker Company; one act; reading; in collection, *The American Scene;* price, $5 royalty, address publisher. (In which the starved life of a farm woman is depicted, in one violent act of resentment against her husband.)

2. *Freedom from Drudgery and Monotony:*

Miss Myrtle Says "Yes." By Mark O'Dea; D. Appleton & Company; one act; production; 4 persons; in collection, *Red Bud Women;* royalty, $10 first production, $5 each additional; price, $2. (The tragedy of the small-town woman facing spinsterhood who is willing to marry "any man.")

Shivaree. By Mark O'Dea; D. Appleton & Company; one act; production; four persons; in

Giants in the Earth, the story by O. E. Rolvaag; Harper & Brothers.

collection, *Red Bud Women;* address publisher, permission to produce; price, $2. (The deliberate, embittered Hulda, who weds by way of protest.)

Song of Solomon, The. By Mark O'Dea; D. Appleton & Company; one act; production; 5 persons; in collection, *Red Bud Women;* royalty, $10 first production, $5 each additional; price, $2. (The farmer's wife who sets her heart with tragic intensity upon a new electric lighting system.)

Window to the South, A. By Mary Reely; Walter H. Baker Company; one act; production; 8 persons; in collection, *Three One-Act Plays;* special royalty, address publisher; price, $1. (The victim of incessant drudgery who goes through life wanting a window looking toward the south.)

3. *Neighborliness:*

In Dixon's Kitchen. By Wilbur Stout; Henry Holt and Company; one act; production; 6 persons; in collection, *Carolina Folk Plays,* Third Series; address publisher, permission to produce; price, $2. (In which the country swain has difficulty in finding the privacy necessary for proposing.)

Old Peabody Pew, The. By Kate Douglas Wiggin; Walter H. Baker Company; F. L.; production; 8 women, 1 man; S. C.; royalty, $5; price, 35 cents. (A quaint romance taking place in a church interior.)

VI. HOME

A. Parent and Child

1. Review of *The China Pig,* by Evelyn Emig.

2. Review of *Minick,* by Ferber and Kaufman.

3. Report, *What Does It Mean to Be a Christian* (program unit), by Irwin.

4. Review, *Seven Dramatic Services of Worship,* Sections II and III; M. B. C.

China Pig, The. By Evelyn Emig; Little, Brown; 1 act; production; 3 women; in collection, *A Treasury of Plays for Women;* address author, permission to produce; price, $3. (A mother's sacrifice for her family.)

Goose Hangs High, The. By Lewis Beach; Samuel French; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, 75 cents. (With good humor and high courage a family adjusts itself to a difficult situation.)

Holiday. By Philip Barry; Samuel French; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $2. (Children of the rich sacrificed on the altar of parental selfishness.)

Lean Years, The. By Mary Reely; Walter H. Baker Company; 1 act; 4 persons; production; in collection *Three One-Act Plays;* special royalty, address publisher; price, $1. (The sacrifice of a farmer and his wife.)

Minick. By Edna Ferber and George Kaufman; Samuel French; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, 75 cents. (An old man's pathetic attempt to fit into the modern city home of his son and daughter-in-law. Touched with humor.)

Seventeen. By Booth Tarkington; Samuel French; F. L.; production; 14 persons; S. C.; royalty, $25; price, 75 cents. (A delightful story of first love; humorous and wholesome.)

Silver Cord, The. By Sidney Howard; Charles Scribner's Sons; F. L.; reading; price, 70 cents. (In which two young people must make their decisions as to their futures.)

You and I. By Philip Barry; Samuel French; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, 75 cents. (In which a set of parents and two young people together work out their difficulties.)

Youngest, The. By Philip Barry; Samuel French; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, 75 cents. (In which the "youngest," downtrodden, discouraged, eventually learns to assert himself.)

B. Brothers and Sisters

Eldest, The. By Edna Ferber; D. Appleton & Company; one act; reading; in collection, *The American Scene;* price, $5 royalty, address publisher. (A play portraying the unselfish, slavish devotion of the eldest sister to an unappreciative family.)

Goose Hangs High, The. By Lewis Beach. (See description, page 173.) Price, 75 cents.

Holiday. By Philip Barry. (See description, page 173.) Price, 75 cents.

Seventeen. By Booth Tarkington. (See description, page 174.) Price, 75 cents.

Youngest, The. By Philip Barry. (See description, page 174.) Price, 75 cents.

C. Husband and Wife

Giants in the Earth. By Thomas Job, from the novel by O. E. Rolvaag. (See description, page 153.)

Goose Hangs High, The. By Lewis Beach. (See description, page 173.) Price, 75 cents.

Half an Hour. By James M. Barrie; Charles Scribner's Sons; included in 1 act; reading; S. C. (Barrie writes of a marital tragedy in his own inimitable way.)

Merry, Merry Cuckoo, The. By Jeanette Marks; Little, Brown & Company; 1 act; production; 5 persons; in collection, *Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors,* Mayorga; royalty, address author, care of publisher; price, $3. (A beautiful example of the devotion of a woman to her dying husband.)

1. Report, *Sex and Youth,* by Eddy.

2. Review of *Street Scene,* by Elmer Rice.

3. Review of *Spreading the News,* Gregory.

4. Report, *What Does It Mean to Be a Christian?* (program unit), by Irwin.

Saint Claudia. By Marshall N. Goold; The Century Co.; one hour's length; production; 12 persons; S. C.; price, 65 cents. (The experience of Pilate's wife at the time of the crucifixion.)

Slave, The. By Elizabeth Yates; Penn Publishing Company; 1 act; production; 4 persons; in collection, *Small Plays for Small Casts;* royalties, $5; price, $2. (Aside from its racial significance, pictures the tragedy of cultural differences between husband and wife.)

Song of Solomon, The. By Mark O'Dea. (See description, page 171.)

You and I. By Philip Barry. (See description, page 174.) Price, 75 cents.

D. Other Relationships

Dybbuk, The. By S. Ansky; Boni and Liveright; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $2. (A Jewish play, depicting the power of deathless love.)

Granny. By Marguerite Bro; Powell and White; 1 act; 6 persons; production; S. C.; price, 25 cents. (A very human little play of a grandmother and granddaughter who refuse to be crushed by the farm and their family.)

Holiday. By Philip Barry. Price, $2. (See description, page 173.)

American Social Hygiene Association, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Seven Dramatic Services of Worship, M. B. C.

Men, Women, and God, by A. H. Gray; Doran.

So Youth May Know, by A. J. Dickerson; Association Press.

Reports of Jerusalem International Missionary Conference.

A World Community, by John H. Randall.

Hundred Years Old, A. By the Quintero Brothers; translated by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price. (The delightful story of Papa Juan, the centenarian, and his delicious scheming to achieve his birthday party with his entire family present. A play made famous by Mr. Otis Skinner's portrayal of the part of Papa Juan.)

Icebound. By Owen Davis; Longmans, Green & Co.; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, 75 cents. (A family of cold personalities and the inevitable melting.)

Joint Owners in Spain. By Alice Brown; Walter H. Baker Company; 1 act; production; 4 women; S. C.; royalty, $5; price, 35 cents. (An extremely humorous situation, in which four old ladies find the gentle art of living together not altogether simple.)

Just Suppose. By A. E. Thomas; Samuel French; F. L.; production; reading; 8 persons; S. C.; royalty, $25; price, 75 cents. (Wherein the Prince of Wales, under an assumed name, falls in love with an American girl and complications set in.)

Old Lady Shows Her Medals, The. By James M. Barrie; in collection, *Echoes of War,* Samuel French; one act; reading; price, $1.25. (The London charwoman and her belated motherhood.)

Report, *Placing the Handicapped in Industry,* Information Service, October 5, 1929.

Report, *Survey of Child Labor,* Information Service.

Report, *What Child Labor Means, Social Pioneering,* Chap. V.

Silver Cord, The. By Sidney Howard. (See description, page 174). Price, 70 cents.

Spreading the News. By Lady Gregory; Samuel French; 1 act; production; 10 persons; S. C.; royalty, $5; price, 50 cents. (The humorous way in which gossip spreads almost results in tragedy.)

Tinker, The. By Fred Eastman; The Century Co.; 3 acts; production; 7 persons; S. C.; price, 75 cents; royalty, write publishers. (The story of a lonely man of wealth who rids himself of his possessions, and gives the remainder of his life to service.)

You and I. By Philip Barry. (See description, page 174.) Price, 75 cents.

VII. BELIEF AND CONDUCT

1. Report, *What Does It Mean to Be a Christian?* by Irwin.

2. Report, *Sex and Youth,* by Eddy.

3. Review, *The Bishop's Candlesticks,* by Norman McKinnel.

And He Came to His Father. By Erna Kruckemeyer; Samuel French; 1 act; production; 6 persons; S. C.; no royalty; price, 35 cents. (Extremely dramatic version of "The Prodigal Son.")

Androcles and the Lion. By Bernard Shaw; Brentano's; F. L.; reading; in collection by same name; price, $2.50. (A delightful satire on the Roman persecutions and intolerance of all great souls who are seeking a nobler order.)

The Gospel of Art, by Bailey.

Jesus in the Experiences of Men, by T. R. Glover.

Jesus, the Son of Man, by Kahlil Gibran; A. A. Knopf.

4. Report, *Communion,* by Seidenspinner.

5. Review of *What Men Live By,* by Virginia Church.

6. Review of *He Came Seeing,* by Mary Hamlin.

7. Report, *Church Attendance,* by Geer.

8. Report, *Social Pioneering,* Chap. VI, *The Dangers and Advantages of Leisure.*

9. Review, *Seven Dramatic Services of Worship,* Section IV.

As Good as Gold. By Lawrence Housman; Samuel French; 1 act; production; 7 persons; S. C.; royalty, $5; price, 35 cents. (A quaintly humorous play, revealing an incident in the life of Saint Francis.)

Barabbas. By Dorothy Leamon; The Century Co.; 1 act; production; 6 persons; S. C.; price, 50 cents. (Barabbas, in whose place Jesus is crucified, becomes a believer, through the influence of Mary Magdalene.)

Bishop's Candlesticks, The. By Norman McKinnel; Samuel French; 1 act; production; 8 persons; S. C.; royalty, $5; price, 30 cents. (The scene from *Les Misèrables* in which the convict steals the bishop's candlesticks.)

Boy Who Discovered Easter, The. By Elizabeth McFadden; French; F. L.; production; 4 persons; S. C.; royalty, $10, admission; $5, no admission; price, 35 cents. (Discovery of realities of Easter message.)

Cyrano de Bergerac. By Edmond Rostand; translated by Hooker; Henry Holt and Company; F. L.; reading; price, $2. (A heroic drama with which every young person should be familiar.)

Dust of the Road. By Kenneth Sawyer Goodman; Stage Guild; 1 act; production; 4 persons;

Methods of Private Religious Living, by Wieman.

The Prophet, by Kahlil Gibran; A. A. Knopf.

Seven Dramatic Services of Worship, Chap. IV., M. B. C.

Social Principles of Jesus, by Walter Rauschenbusch.

Twelve Tests of Character, by Harry Emerson Fosdick.

What Christ Expects of Young People To-day, by T. H. P. Sailer.

What Does It Mean to Be a Christian? by John C. Irwin; M. B. C. (program unit).

What Men Live By, by Cabot; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Middletown, Chap. V., *Religious Practices.*

S. C.; royalty, $10, admission; $5, no admission; price, 50 cents. (A man and his wife meditating a crime on Christmas morning.)

Feast of Faith, The. By Bertha M. Russell; Walter H. Baker Company; 1 act; production; 9 persons; S. C.; royalty, $10, admission; $5, no admission; price, 25 cents. (Peter imprisoned and the "Sword of the Spirit.")

Finger of God, The. By Percival Wilde; Samuel French; 1 act; production; 3 persons; S. C.; royalty, $10; price, 35 cents. (A man about to commit a crime comes face to face with a young girl who shows him his possibilities for good.)

Florist Shop, The. By Winifred Hawkridge; Walter H. Baker Company; 1 act; production; 5 persons; S. C.; royalty, $10; price, 50 cents. (The sympathetic understanding of a young clerk in a florist shop for her customers.)

Fool, The. By Channing Pollock; Samuel French; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, 75 cents; (The struggle of an idealist in a world of contradictions.)

Happy Prince, The. By Jasspon and Becker; The Century Co.; 1 act; production; 35 or more persons; included in *Ritual and Dramatized Folkways,* Jasspon and Becker; price, $2.50. (A de-

lightful dramatization of Oscar Wilde's story of the happy prince whose heart finally broke at the sight of the misery of the world.)

He Came Seeing. By Mary Hamlin; Samuel French; 1 act; production; 5 persons and others; S. C.; royalty, $10, admission; $5, no admission; price, 35 cents. (The blind man, healed by Jesus, who has to choose between silence, as imposed upon him by the Pharisees, and the testimony in behalf of Jesus.)

He Is the Son of God. By Linwood Taft; The Pilgrim Press; 1 hour in length; production; 8 or more persons; S. C.; no royalty; price, 35 cents. (Effect of Jesus' personality upon an orthodox Jewish woman.)

Hunger. By Eugene Pillot; Little, Brown & Company; 1 act; production; 5 persons; included in *Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors,* Mayorga; royalty, address author, permission to produce; price, $3. (Four great hungers seek satisfaction at the "door.")

Inn of Discontent, The. By Percival Wilde; Little, Brown & Company; 1 act; production; 8 persons; S. C.; royalty, address author; price, 35 cents. (The pursuit of happiness, treated in a fantastic manner, by an outstanding dramatist.)

Just Two Men. By Eugene Pillot; Samuel French; 1 act; production; 2 men; S. C.; royalty, $10; price, 30 cents. (An intensely dramatic situation between a father and son.)

Man Without a Country, The. By Elizabeth McFadden and Agnes Crimmins (based on Hale's story); Samuel French; F. L.; 24 or more persons; production; and reading; S. C.; royalty, $10; price, 35 cents. (A thrilling dramatization of the well-known story.)

Merry, Merry Cuckoo, The. By Jeanette Marks; Little, Brown & Company; 1 act; production; 5 persons, in collection, *Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors,* Mayorga; address author, permission to produce; price, $3. (The wife of a dying man defies criticism to make his last moments happy.)

Outward Bound. By Sutton Vane; Small, Maynard & Co.; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $1.75. (An unusual journey, on which a group of travelers find themselves. "Outward Bound," but whither?)

Passing of the Third Floor Back. By Jerome K. Jerome; Samuel French; F. L.; reading; price, 75 cents. (The influence upon the lives of several of the strangers in the third floor back.)

Rock, The. By Mary Hamlin; The Pilgrim Press; F. L.; production; 11 persons; S. C.; price, 50 cents. (A drama of Peter's denial, despair, and new life.)

Saint Claudia. By Marshall Goold. (See description, page 176.) Price, 65 cents.

St. Joan. By Bernard Shaw; Brentano's; F. L.; reading; price, $2.50. (The story of the Maid of France; told in the author's own inimitable style.)

Seeker, The. By Clarice V. McCauley; Methodist Book Concern; F. L.; production; 90 persons; S. C.; price, 75 cents. (Comparative religious beliefs in beautiful dramatic form.)

Servant of the House, The. By Charles Kennedy; Harper & Brothers; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $2. (In which the spirit of Christ is personified in the butler.)

Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil. By Stuart Walker; Little, Brown & Company; 1 act; production; 9 persons; in collection, *Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors;* royalty, address author; price, $3. (A delightful fantasy.)

Slave With Two Faces, The. By Mary A. Davies; Samuel French; 1 act; production; 7 persons; S. C.; royalty, $10; price, 35 cents. (A fantastic treatment of life and its power to master us.)

Terrible Meek, The. By Charles Rann Kennedy; Harper & Brothers; F. L.; reading; S. C.; royalty; price, $2. (Combining the attitudes of the militarist, the politician, the patriot and the mother.)

Three Pills in a Bottle. By Rachel L. Field; Brentano's; 1 act; production; 8 persons; in collection, *Plays of the Forty-seven Workshop;* royalty, admission, $10; no admission, $5; price, $1.25. (Of the feverish little boy and the poor rich man, the dreaming organ-grinder and the tired washer woman, to whom he gives his three pills.)

Weathervane Elopes, The. By Alice C. D. Riley; Samuel French; 1 act; production; 4 persons; S. C.; royalty, $5; price, $1.25. (A delightful fantasy, in which the fountain and the weathervane carry on a charming little romance all their own.)

What Men Live By. By Virginia Church; Walter H. Baker Company; 1 act; production; 8 or 12 persons; royalty, $10; price, 35 cents. (An adaptation of Tolstoy's story, *Where Love Is God Is.*)

VIII. VOCATION

Florence Nightingale. By Edith Gettings Reid; The Macmillan Company; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $1.25. (A vivid portrayal of the career and

character of Florence Nightingale, showing the labor among the soldiers.)

1. Review of *The Jazz Singer,* by Raphaelson.

2. Report, *Life Work,* program unit, by C. C. Robinson.

Jazz Singer, The. By Samson Raphaelson; Brentano's; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, $2. (A Jewish boy who has to decide between a career on the stage and that of a cantor in the synagogue.)

Mrs. Partridge Presents. By Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne; Samuel French; F. L.; reading; S. C.; price, 75 cents. (An energetic mother who tries to live her children's lives.)

My Lady Dreams. By Eugene Pillot; Little, Brown & Company; 1 act; production; 6 persons (women and children); in collection, *A Treasury of Plays for Women,* Shay; address publisher, permission to produce; price, $3. (A semifanciful treatment of a woman's problem in attempting to determine her future.)

Not in the Lessons. By Mark O'Dea; D. Appleton & Company; 1 act; production; 4 persons; in collection, *Red Bud Women;* address publisher, permission to produce; price, $2. (The small-town girl who dreams of the career of a movie actress.)

Ordered South. By W. J. Noble; Missionary Education Movement; one act; production; 6 persons; S. C.; no royalty; price, 15 cents. (A young man's purpose to go to Africa as a missionary.)

Life Work, by C. C. Robinson (program unit); M. B. C.

Psychology of Vocational Adjustment, by H. D. Kitson; Lippincott.

Getting Into Your Life-Work, by H. M. Doxsee; A. P.

Out Into Life, by Douglas Horton; A. P.

Finding My Place, by Mary E. Moxcey; A. P.

Occupations, by John M. Brewer;

How to Find the Right Vocation, by H. D. Kitson; Harpers.

Silver Cord, The. By Sydney Howard; Charles Scribner's Sons; F. L.; reading; price, 70 cents. (A selfish mother and her captive sons.)

You and I. By Philip Barry. (See description page 174.) Price, 75 cents.

ADDITIONAL SOURCES:

General

Federal Council of Churches, 105 E. 22d Street, New York.
Information Service, 105 E. 22d Street, New York.
Social Service Bulletin, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Magazines

The World To-morrow, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York.
The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York.
The Christian Century, 440 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.
The Drama, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Publishers

Abingdon Press, A. P., 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Association Press, 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

Associated Publishers, 1538 Ninth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
D. Appleton & Co., 35 W. 32d Street, New York.
Walter H. Baker Company, 41 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.
Bethany Press, Saint Louis, Mo.
Bloch Publishing Co., 31 W. 31st Street, New York.
Bobbs-Merrill Company, 18 University Square, Indianapolis, Ind.
Boni and Liveright, 61 West 48th Street, New York.
Brentano's, 1 West 47th Street, New York.
Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York.
Department of Synagogue and School Extension, Merchants Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Dodd, Mead & Company, Fourth Avenue and 30th Street, New York.
George H. Doran & Company, 244 Madison Avenue, New York.
Farrar and Rinehardt, 12 East 41st Street, New York.
Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York.
The Friendship Press, F. P., 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Grossett and Dunlap, 1140 Broadway, New York.
Harcourt, Brace and Company, 385 Madison Avenue, New York.
Harper & Brothers, 49 West 33d Street, New York.

Henry Holt and Company, 1 Park Avenue, New York.
Houghton Mifflin Company, 16 East 40th Street, New York.
Jewish Welfare Board, 353 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa.
Little, Brown & Company, 34 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Longmans, Green & Co., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Robert M. McBride & Co., 7 West 16th Street, New York.
Methodist Book Concern, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York. (M. B. C.)
Missionary Education Movement, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York. (M. E. M.)
Penn Publishing Company, 925 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pilgrim Press, 19 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois.
Powell & White, Edwards Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Presbyterian Board of National Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Charles Scribner's Sons, 597-599 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Stage Guild, 917 Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.
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